

NOSTALGIC 1950s EC COMICS!



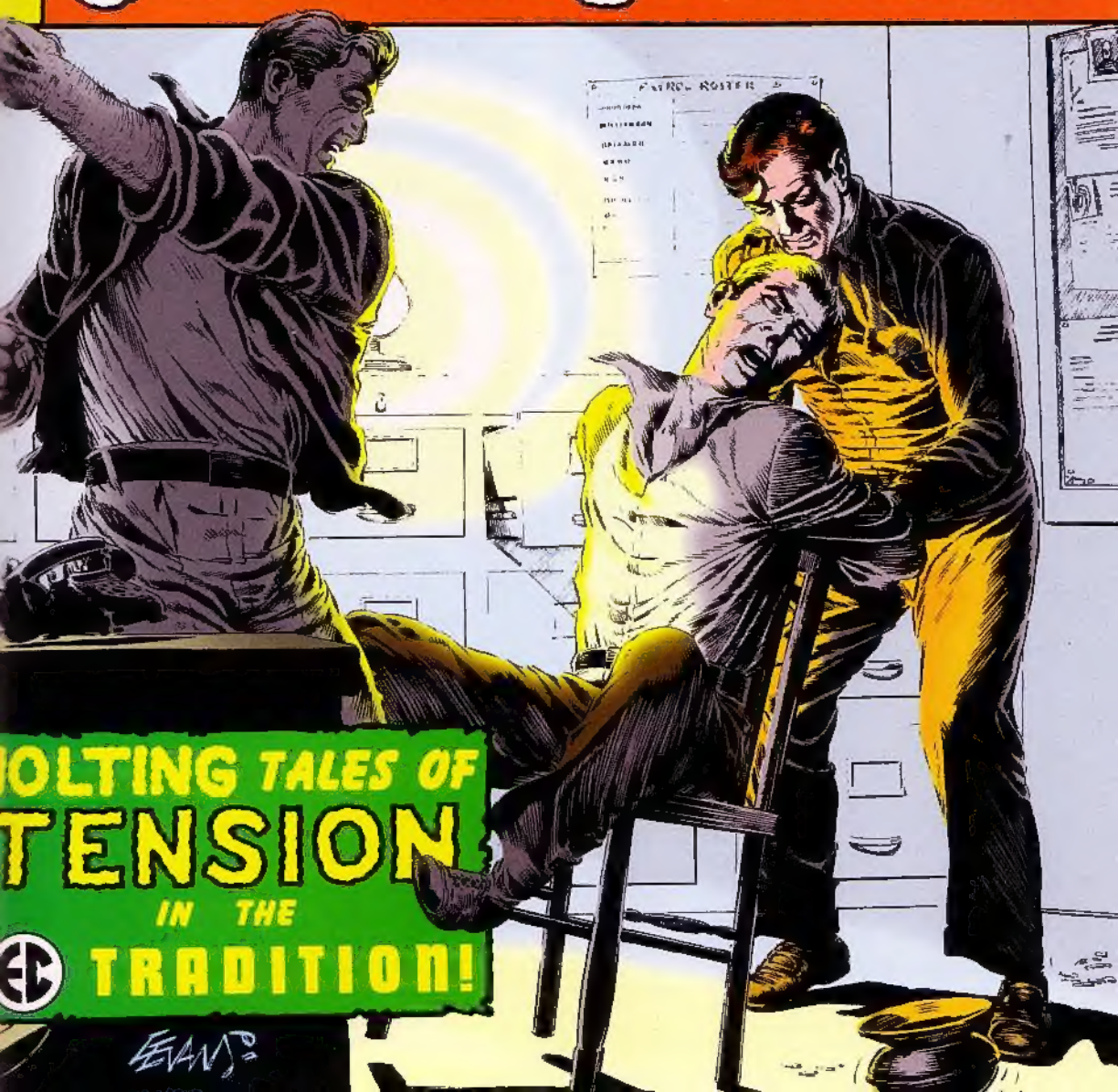
NO. 16  
JUNE



200  
275  
CANADA

# SHOCK

## SUSPENSTORIES



BOLTING TALES OF  
**TENSION**  
IN THE  
**TRADITION!**



EVAN



# ...MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

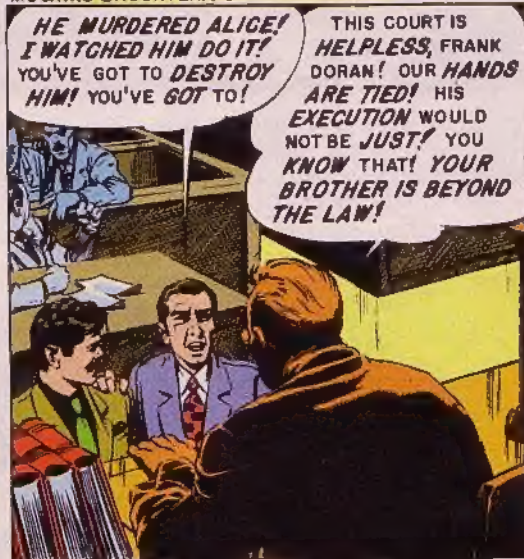
A LITTLE WHILE AGO, I STOOD BESIDE MY BROTHER MARK IN THE MUSTY ANCIENT CHAMBER OF THE STATE SUPREME COURT, WHILE A HUNDRED CURIOUS RESENTFUL ANGRY ONLOOKERS STARED AT US. I FELT FLUSHED WITH SHAME, BUT MARK JUST LOOKED BACK AT THEM DEFIANTLY, SNEERINGLY, RETURNING STARE FOR STARE. A MENACING DRONE HOVERED IN THE COURTROOM, STILLED FINALLY BY THE RAPING GAVEL OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE. AND MARK REPEATED HIS LOATHSOME CONFESSION... LAUGHED OUT HIS HORRIBLE ADMISSION... TAUNTING THE COURT AND THE SPECTATORS AND ME...

**YES, I KILLED HER! I CHOKED HER WITH THESE TWO STRONG HANDS TILL HER FACE TURNED BLUE... TILL HER EYES BULGED FROM THEIR SOCKETS... TILL... BUT I TOLD YOU ALL THAT. YES, I DESERVE TO DIE. I WANT YOU TO EXECUTE ME. I DARE YOU.**

**WE...WE CAN'T EXECUTE YOU, IN ALL JUSTICE WE...WE CAN'T! OH, LORD... WE ARE FORCED TO LET THIS MONSTER GO FREE!**



MY OWN VOICE SOUNDED SHRILL IN MY EARS AS I SHRIEKED TO MAKE MYSELF HEARD ABOVE MARK'S MOCKING LAUGHTER...



**HE MURDERED ALICE! I WATCHED HIM DO IT! YOU'VE GOT TO DESTROY HIM! YOU'VE GOT TO!**

**THIS COURT IS HELPLESS, FRANK DORAN! OUR HANDS ARE TIED! HIS EXECUTION WOULD NOT BE JUST! YOU KNOW THAT! YOUR BROTHER IS BEYOND THE LAW!**

SO, ALTHOUGH THREE JURIES HAD FOUND MY BROTHER GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, MARK DORAN WAS ABLE TO WALK OUT OF THAT COURT OF LAST RESORT AS A FREE MAN, PROTECTED FROM THE SNARLING SPECTATORS BY A GUARD FLANKING HIM ON ONE SIDE... ME ON THE OTHER...





THE GUARD ACCOMPANIED MARK AND ME TO OUR WAITING CAR AND WATCHED US DRIVE OFF, SHAKING HIS HEAD. ALL THE WAY HOME, I COULD FEEL MARK LOOKING AT ME WITH THAT HEARTLESS SNEER...

ALICE LOVED YOU AND DESPISED ME. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY. **EVERYONE** LOVED YOU AND DESPISED ME. I NEVER REALLY **CARED** ABOUT IT TILL WE MET ALICE...

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANY GOOD, MARK! YOUR MIND HAS ALWAYS BEEN **WARPED...EVIL!** THAT'S WHY YOU'RE **HATED!**



IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY WITH MARK AND ME...EVER SINCE WE WERE CHILDREN. THERE WAS THAT TIME WHEN HE TRIED TO TAKE MY SAILBOAT FROM ME. I'D FOUGHT TO KEEP IT, AND OUR FATHER CAME RUNNING...

STOP THAT, MARK! LEAVE FRANK ALONE!

ALL RIGHT, FRANK! IF I CAN'T HAVE THE BOAT, THEN **NEITHER CAN YOU!** THERE...



MARK'S INSOLENT SCOWL HAD INFURIATED FATHER. HE'D FLOWN INTO A BLIND RAGE. HE'D SLAPPED MARK AND CALLED HIM NAMES. BUT MARK HAD ONLY GLOWERED DARKLY AT HIM. MARK WOULDN'T GIVE FATHER THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING HIM CRY...

YOU **ROTTEN LITTLE SNEAK!** YOU **TWISTED HEARTLESS LITTLE FREAK!**



I'D WEPT FOR FRANK...FOR THE BEATING FATHER HAD GIVEN HIM. AND FATHER HAD COMFORTED ME... PUT HIS ARM AROUND MY SHOULDER. AND TEARS HAD FILLED HIS EYES AS WE WALKED TO THE HOUSE...

**FORGIVE ME, SON. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D STRIKE ONE OF YOU IN ANGER. IT HURTS ME... DEEP INSIDE... MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!**



YES, I HATED MARK. I HATED HIM WITH ALL MY HEART. AND YET I HAD TO STAY WITH HIM. I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, HE WAS MY BROTHER...

I LOVED HER **TOO**, FRANK! I COULDN'T STAND HER BEING IN YOUR ARMS WHEN I LOVED HER SO MUCH! I **TOLD** YOU THAT BUT YOU WOULDN'T **LISTEN**. THAT'S WHY I **KILLED** HER. NOW SHE'S **DEAD**, AND **NEITHER** OF US HAVE HER...

YOU DIDN'T **LOVE** ALICE, MARK. YOU ONLY **WANTED** HER BECAUSE SHE WAS **MINE**, JUST AS YOU'VE ALWAYS **WANTED EVERYTHING** THAT WAS **MINE...**



MARK HAD DELIBERATELY SMASHED THE BOAT. I'D LOOKED AT FATHER THEN, AND SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HE HATED MARK, TOO...

I GAVE YOU **EACH** A SAILBOAT, BUT YOU WEREN'T **SATISFIED**, YOU SPITEFUL WRETCH. YOU **BROKE** YOUR BOAT AND COULDN'T WAIT TO **BREAK FRANK'S!**



WHEN WE'D REACHED THE HOUSE, FATHER'D STOPPED US. HE'D LOOKED AT ME WITH A TROUBLED FAR-AWAY EXPRESSION...

WHATEVER **HAPPENS**, FRANK... ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT YOUR FATHER **LOVED YOU...**





I HADN'T QUITE UNDERSTOOD WHAT FATHER'D MEANT... NOT UNTIL DINNERTIME. MOTHER'D CALLED HIM TO THE TABLE BUT HE'D NOT ANSWERED...

BOYS! GO UPSTAIRS AND TELL YOUR FATHER HIS DINNER IS GETTING COLD!



I'D KNOCKED ON FATHER'S DOOR AND, RECEIVING NO ANSWER, HAD OPENED IT, ONLY TO FREEZE IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETED ME. MY FATHER... HANGING FROM THE CHANDELIER... A SUICIDE...



MY HEAD HAD SPUN AND I'D HAVE FAINTED BUT FOR THE CHUCKLING MIRTH-FILLED VOICE AT MY SIDE. ALL AT ONCE I KNEW FATHER HAD TAKEN HIS LIFE BECAUSE OF MARK... AND MARK WAS GLAD...

YOU'RE ROTTEN, MARK! SO ROTTEN, HE'D RATHER BE DEAD!

MOTHER! MOTHER... COME QUICKLY!



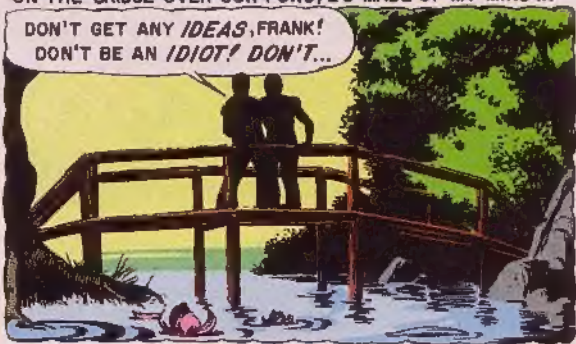
MOTHER'D COME ON THE RUN AT MARK'S OUTCRY. SHE'D ALWAYS DOTED ON MARK. SHE LOOKED AT FATHER HANGING THERE... TURNED TO ME... AND SCREAMED...

YOU'RE NO GOOD, FRANK! YOU MADE HIM DO THIS! YOU ALWAYS STARTED TROUBLE BETWEEN MARK AND HIM. YOU... SOB...



I'D CRIED FOR FATHER. AND I'D MISSED HIM SO MUCH, I COULD FINALLY NO LONGER STAND THE GNAWING ACHES OF NOT HAVING HIM NEAR ME. I'D YEARNED TO BE WITH HIM, EVEN IN DEATH. THEN, ONE DAY, AS MARK AND I WALKED ON THE BRIDGE OVER OUR POND, I'D MADE UP MY MIND...

DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, FRANK! DON'T BE AN IDIOT! DON'T...



I'D HURLED MYSELF OVER THE RAIL INTO THE DEEP GREEN WATER, WANTING TO DIE... WANTING TO BE DEAD RATHER THAN LIVE IN THE SAME WORLD WITH MY BROTHER, ...WITHOUT MY FATHER. BUT BEFORE I COULD SINK, MARK'S STRONG ARM WAS AROUND MY NECK, KEEPING MY HEAD ABOVE WATER...

CRAZY... GASP... FOOL...



MARK HAD PULLED ME TO SHORE, AND I'D SAT SHAKEN AND SICK, HATING HIM FOR HAVING CHEATED ME INTO LIVING ON...

I'LL HAVE TO WATCH YOU CLOSER FROM NOW ON, MY GOOD BROTHER. AND WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY WHEN I TELL HER ABOUT THIS?





GRADUALLY, I'D GOTTEN OVER THE GRIEF OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, BUT I'D GROWN TO HATE MARK EACH DAY, JUST AS HIS CRUELTY HAD GROWN. I RECALL ONE AUTUMN DAY, AS WE WERE BURNING LEAVES IN THE INCINERATOR OUT BACK. MOM'S PERSIAN CAT HAD COME UP TO MARK, PURRING AND RUBBING AGAINST HIS LEG...



BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM, HE'D THROWN THE CAT INTO THE LEAPING FLAMES. MOTHER CAME RUNNING AT THE SOUND OF THE POOR ANIMAL'S SHRIEKS OF PAIN...

I NEVER BELIEVED THIS OF YOU, MARK! BUT THIS TIME, I SAW! YOUR FATHER WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE NO GOOD! YOU'RE MEAN... BRUTALLY MEAN! OH, WHY WAS I CURSED WITH A SON LIKE YOU!



AS TIME WENT ON, MOTHER HAD COME TO HATE MARK AS I DID, ALTHOUGH SHE'D NEVER ADMITTED IT. ONE NIGHT, AS WE WERE DRIVING GLORIA MILGRIM HOME FROM A PARTY...

MARK! FOR PETE'S SAKE! YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO SUGGEST ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO A DECENT GIRL!

IT'S OKAY FOR OTHER GUYS, HUH?... BUT I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH! GET OUT! GET OUT OF MY CAR...



GLORIA'D TUMBLED FROM THE CAR, STUNNED AND BLEEDING FROM HER MOUTH WHERE MARK HAD STRUCK HER FURIOUSLY...

SHE'S HURT, MARK! YOU JUST CAN'T LEAVE HER HERE... MILES FROM HOME!

OH, CAN'T I? JUST WATCH ME!



AND THE NEXT DAY, A POLICEMAN HAD COME TO OUR HOUSE AND ARRESTED MARK. BUT THERE'D BEEN NO REASON FOR ME TO TESTIFY AGAINST MARK! HE READILY ADMITTED HIS GUILT...

SURE I HIT HER! I'D DO IT AGAIN IF I HAD THE CHANCE! GO ON! BOOK ME! THROW ME IN JAIL!

YOU'VE RUINED THIS GIRL'S FACE, MARK! YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT SEVERAL OF HER TEETH! LOUGHT TO THROW YOU IN JAIL!

BUT HOW CAN I? YOUR SON SHOULD BE CAGED UP LIKE AN ANIMAL, MRS. DORAN. BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO... NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO! I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU... AND FRANK...

I'LL PAY FOR WHAT MARK DID! I'LL GO ON PAYING TILL THE DAY I DIE!

"TILL THE DAY I DIE," SHE SAID. IT WAS LESS THAN A WEEK LATER THAT I'D AWAKENED FROM A TROUBLED SLEEP, FEELING NAUSEOUS AND PARTIALLY PARALYZED...

MARK! I SMELL... COUGH... GAS!





WE'D RUN TO THE KITCHEN. MOTHER WAS THERE,  
SLUMPED OVER THE KITCHEN STOVE...

SHE'S... DEAD... COUGH... MARK...  
**DEAD!**

MOTHER HAD LEFT EVERYTHING TO ME, BUT, THOUGH MY HATRED  
FOR MARK WAS GREAT, I SHARED EVERYTHING WITH HIM...  
EVEN MY POPULARITY. EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE DESPISED  
HIM, HE WAS INVITED EVERYWHERE WITH ME...

I'VE WANTED TO  
MEET YOU ALL  
EVENING, ALICE!

MINDY SAID YOU WERE SHY!  
I MADE HER INTRODUCE ME!

I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ALICE BENSON... HEAD  
OVER HEELS. ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE PARTY,  
I TOLD MARK...

SEE HER! I DON'T CARE! I'LL  
COOPERATE! GO OUT WITH HER  
ANYTIME YOU WANT! JUST  
GET WISE! SHE'S ONLY  
INTERESTED IN YOUR MONEY...  
NOT YOU, FRANK!

YOU'RE  
WRONG, MARK!  
ALICE ISN'T  
LIKE THAT!

MOTHER'D LEFT A NOTE  
FOR ME...

"... I HAVE LIVED TO SEE  
YOUR BROTHER MARK  
GROW INTO THE VILE  
CREATURE YOUR FATHER  
KNEW HE'D BE. I DON'T  
WANT TO LIVE TO SEE  
WHAT END THE MONSTER  
WILL COME TO. FORGIVE  
ME, FRANK! GOODBYE!"

I'D LOOKED INTO MARK'S  
EYES, HOPING TO SEE SOME  
SIGN OF REMORSE. BUT HE'D  
ONLY SCOWLED AND SMIRKED IN  
COLD INDIFFERENCE...

YOU DON'T  
CARE, DO YOU?

NOT IN THE  
LEAST!

THAT WAS FOUR MONTHS AGO. I WAS TWENTY-EIGHT  
WHEN I MET ALICE. I HAD THE SAME LONGINGS AS ANY  
MAN MY AGE... TO BE MARRIED... TO LOVE... TO BE LOVED...

I... I WANT TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN, ALICE... OFTEN! THAT  
IS... IF YOU DON'T MIND...

I DON'T MIND, FRANK!  
WHenever YOU SAY...

ALICE AND I HAD SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF EACH OTHER  
BEFORE I COULD BRING MYSELF TO PROPOSE TO HER. UP  
TO THAT TIME, MARK HAD SHOWN NO INTEREST IN HER, AND  
ALICE HAD ACTED AS IF MARK DIDN'T EVEN EXIST. BUT  
WHEN I ASKED...

OF COURSE I'LL MARRY  
YOU, FRANK, DARLING!  
I LOVE YOU!

OH,  
ALICE!  
I--

NO! NO! HE  
CAN'T HAVE YOU,  
ALICE!



MARK HAD INTERRUPTED OUR TENDER LOVE SCENE. HE SHOVED ME ASIDE, GRABBED ALICE...

I'VE STOOD BY AND WATCHED, BUT I'VE WANTED YOU TILL I *ACHED*, ALICE! I LOVE YOU! HE CAN'T HAVE YOU! I WON'T LET YOU...

LET... ME... GO... MARK! PLEASE!



HE'D TRIED TO KISS HER. BECAUSE ALICE WAS MINE, MARK WANTED HER...

YOU *FILTH!* YOU *DISGUSTING FILTH!*

WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE...



MARK'S STRONG HANDS HAD FLOWN TO ALICE'S THROAT, CUTTING OFF HER AIR... CRUSHING. I FOUGHT VAINLY TO BREAK HIS HOLD...

LET HER GO, YOU MAD IDIOT! YOU'RE KILLING HER! EXACTLY!



SHE WAS DEAD. MARK HAD KILLED HER. HE'D EVEN SIGNED A FULL CONFESSION. HE'D KNOWN THEY COULDN'T DO A THING TO HIM... THAT HE WAS BEYOND THE LAW. JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO, WE CAME HOME FROM THAT COURTROOM...

FOR ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'VE HAD A HOLD ON ME. YOU'VE *DEFIED* EVERY LAW OF *DECENCY* ONLY BECAUSE THE *DECENT PEOPLE* DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ME...

C'MON! I NEED A SHAVE!



...AND I STOOD BESIDE MARK AS HE LATHERED HIS FACE AND WIELDED HIS STRAIGHT-RAZOR AS COOLLY AND AS CALMLY AS IF NOTHING HAD EVER HAPPENED...

WHAT'LL WE DO TONIGHT, FRANK? HOW ABOUT A SHOW?

YOU'RE *BEYOND THE LAW*, MARK! BUT JUST THE SAME YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO BE *PUNISHED FOR MURDER!*



...AND I TOOK MY STRAIGHT-RAZOR AS MARK LAUGHED...

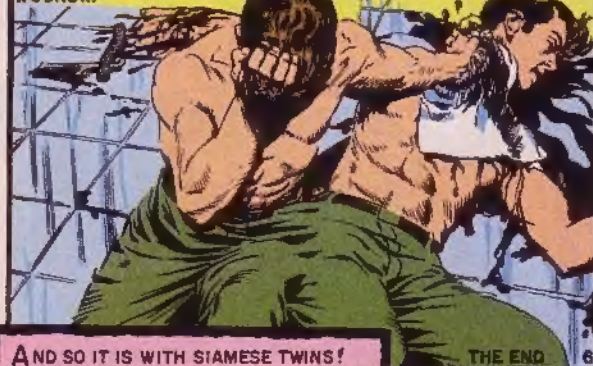
YOU GOING TO KILL ME, FRANK? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU HAVEN'T THE BUTS! HOW? HOW COULD YOU KILL ME?

LIKE THIS, MARK!



...AND I SLIT MY OWN THROAT!

NOW I LIE BESIDE MARK, MY LIFE EBBING AWAY WITH EACH SCARLET DROP THAT OOZES FROM MY SLASHED THROAT. AND I KNOW THAT JUSTICE IS DONE. FOR JUST AS SURELY AS IN LIFE, SO IN DEATH, MARK AND I WILL BE INSEPARABLE. FOR IT IS MARK'S LIFE'S BLOOD, TOO, THAT GUSHES FROM MY WOUND...



AND SO IT IS WITH SIAMESE TWINS!

THE END



# The HAZING

YOU MOVE AROUND THE FRATERNITY HOUSE DINNER TABLE AWKWARDLY, STOPPING AT EACH OF THE BROTHERS, WAITING FOR THEM TO DISH OUT THEIR STEAMING PLATEFULS OF MASHED POTATOES, POT ROAST AND PEAS. YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE IN YOUR STARCHED-WHITE WAITER'S COAT AND YOUR HANDS TREMBLE NERVOUSLY, MAKING THE SERVING BOWLS ON THE TRAY YOU CARRY CLATTER TOGETHER IN A STACCATO RHYTHM. YOU'RE AFRAID, AREN'T YOU, WARREN FULLER? YOU'RE AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PASS THIS PLEDGE PERIOD SUCCESSFULLY... THAT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ACCEPT YOU INTO THIS FRATERNITY THAT YOU WANT SO MUCH TO JOIN. AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT...

YOU LISTEN EAGERLY TO THE CONVERSATION OF THESE UPPER CLASSMEN YOU SO ADMIRE... HANGING ON THEIR EVERY WORD. AND SOMEWHERE, DOWN DEEP, THE SPARK OF AN IDEA SPUTTERS...



THE FLAME BURNS... BRIGHTER. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, WARREN... YOUR ONE CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING INTO THIS FRAT... YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE YOURSELF TO THE OTHER BROTHERS. SO YOU ANNOUNCE...





EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT YOU NOW, WARREN. THEY'RE ALL NOTICING YOU. THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT? GO AHEAD! SPEAK UP! TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR IDEA...

Y-YES! I SAID I *THINK* I CAN HAVE PROFESSOR MILLSTONE *FIRE*! THEN *PHIL* WOULDN'T BE *FLUNKED* AND HE COULD *STILL* PLAY...



THE MEAL IS FORGOTTEN. THEY'RE OUT OF THEIR CHAIRS... SURROUNDING YOU... EAGER... BREATHLESS.

HOW, FULLER? HOW YOU GONNA GET HIM FIRED?

I... I HAVE SOME INFORMATION ABOUT HIM! I'D... I'D HAVE TO CHECK IT! BUT THAT'D BE EASY...



MAKE YOUR DEAL, WARREN. MAKE YOUR DEAL AND WORRY LATER. YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING...

IF... IF I DO GET HIM FIRED, DO I GET INTO THE FRAT?

FULLER! YOU GET THAT @#%?! FIRED, AND WE'LL INSTALL YOU THAT SAME NIGHT!



CAREFUL NOW, WARREN. BETTER NOT LET THEM IN ON THE *WHOLE* IDEA. THEY MIGHT NOT *APPROVE*. JUST TELL THEM WHAT THEY *OUGHT* TO KNOW...

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT PROFESSOR MILLSTONE IS A *COMMUNIST*!

A RED!? NO! A PINKO!?

HO-HO! WHAT A BLAST THAT WOULD MAKE ON THIS CAMPUS!



CAN YOU *PROVE* IT, FULLER? THAT'S A PRETTY *RASH* STATEMENT TO MAKE ABOUT ANYBODY WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO *PROVE* IT!

I THINK I CAN, BUT IT'LL TAKE *TIME*! AND MY *PLEDGE DUTIES*...

YOU'RE *EXCUSED* FROM *PLEDGE DUTIES*... AS OF *NOW*, FULLER!



SO THERE, WARREN! YOU'VE SAID IT. YOU'RE 'NUMBER-ONE-BOY' NOW. IF YOU CAN *DO* WHAT YOU *SAID* YOU CAN DO, YOU'RE *IN*! YOU WALK BACK INTO THE KITCHEN AND TAKE OFF THAT STARCHED-WHITE WAITER'S JACKET, NOW SOAKED WITH PERSPIRATION...

BOY, OH, BOY! MILLSTONE... A *COMMUNIST*!

IF FULLER CAN GET *PROOF*, WE CAN *SURE* GET EVEN WITH HIM...

...FOR CHARLIE... AND JUDD... AND YOU, PHIL!



YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SPORT JACKET AND CROSS BACK THROUGH THE FRAT-HOUSE DINING ROOM TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR...

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS START A *RUMOR*... AND... OH, 6'NIGHT, FULLER!

GOOD-NIGHT, FULLER! AND GOOD LUCK!

I'LL LET YOU FEEL - LOWS *KNOW* AS SOON AS I'VE GOT SOMETHING *DEFINITE*!





YOU WALK DOWN FRATERNITY ROW AND ACROSS THE CAMPUS TOWARD THE DORMS, YOUR HEAD BUZZING WITH IDEAS, SCHEMES, PLANS. YOU'VE GOT TO DO THIS **RIGHT**, WARREN. IT'S **NOW** OR **NEVER**. YOU THINK ABOUT **SELMA**, YOUR **OLDER SISTER** YOU THINK ABOUT THAT **LETTER** SHE WROTE YOU...

'I'VE MET SOMEONE, WARREN... SOMEONE WONDERFUL. HE'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WILL MEAN. I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET. I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT IT TOO!'



SURE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WILL MEAN, WARREN, IF SELMA GETS **MARRIED**, SHE'LL **QUIT HER JOB**. AND THAT MEANS SHE'LL **STOP SENDING YOU MONEY** EVERY MONTH...

IT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GET A **JOB**... AND MY CHANCES OF GETTING INTO THE FRAT WILL GO OUT THE **WINDOW**. THEY WON'T WANT ANYBODY WHO HAS TO **WORK** HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE.



SO IT'S **NOW** OR **NEVER**. IF YOU CAN GET INTO THE FRAT **BEFORE** SELMA GETS MARRIED, EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY...

'DEAR SIS, I'D NEVER STAND IN YOUR WAY. SAY "YES" TO THE GUY. I'LL MANAGE. LOVE, WARREN'



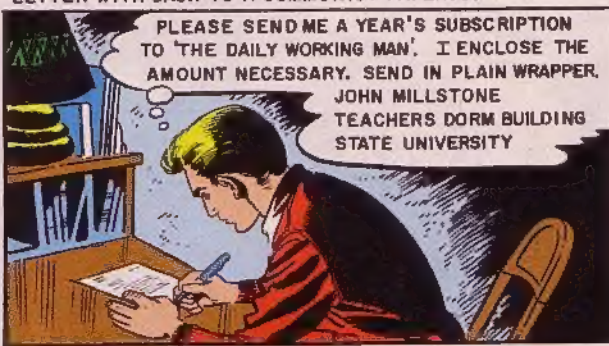
THE NEXT DAY, YOU PUT YOUR PLAN INTO OPERATION. YOU GO DOWNTOWN TO ONE OF THOSE MUSTY-SMELLING BOOKSHOPS, AND YOU PERUSE THE SHELVES...



CAN I HELP YOU, YOUNG MAN?

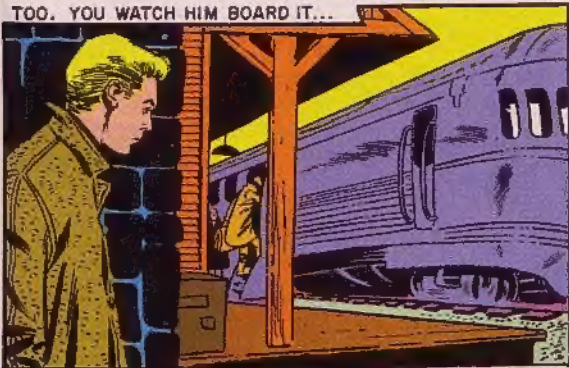
I... I WAS WONDERING IF YOU HAVE ANY BOOKS BY **MARX**... OR **ENGELS**... OR **LENIN**...

YOU FIND THEM. THE SHOPKEEPER EYES YOU SUSPICIOUSLY, BUT HE WRAPS THEM FOR YOU. 'DAS KAPITAL'... 'THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO'... 'THE WORLD REVOLUTION! DANGEROUS BOOKS. INCRIMINATING BOOKS. PERFECT FOR YOUR NEEDS. BACK AT THE DORM, YOU SEND OFF A SUBSCRIPTION LETTER WITH CASH TO A COMMUNIST PAPER...



PLEASE SEND ME A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO 'THE DAILY WORKING MAN'. I ENCLOSE THE AMOUNT NECESSARY. SEND IN PLAIN WRAPPER. JOHN MILLSTONE TEACHERS DORM BUILDING STATE UNIVERSITY

ON SATURDAY, YOU WAIT AT THE RAILROAD STATION. PROFESSOR MILLSTONE ALWAYS TAKES THE NOON TRAIN ON SATURDAYS. YOU KNOW THAT. BUSINESS IN NEW YORK, YOU GUESS. WELL, YOU'LL CASH IN ON THAT TOO. YOU WATCH HIM BOARD IT...



THE TRAIN PUFFS AND WHISTLES AWAY INTO THE AFTERNOON. THE COAST IS CLEAR. YOU RETURN TO THE CAMPUS... ENTER THE TEACHER'S DORM BUILDING. THE LOBBY IS DESERTED. NO ONE IS AROUND ON WEEKENDS. YOU CLIMB THE BACK STAIRS TO THE THIRD FLOOR... MOVE DOWN THE HALL TO PROFESSOR MILLSTONE'S ROOMS... AND TAKE OUT YOUR SKELETON KEY...





THE BROTHERS LOOK UP AS YOU STORM INTO THE FRAT HOUSE. THEY LISTEN WIDE-EYED AS YOU WAVE THE SKELETON KEY...



G'MON! I GOT THE PROOF!

WHAT'S THAT? A KEY TO HIS ROOMS?

HOLY COW! LET'S GO!

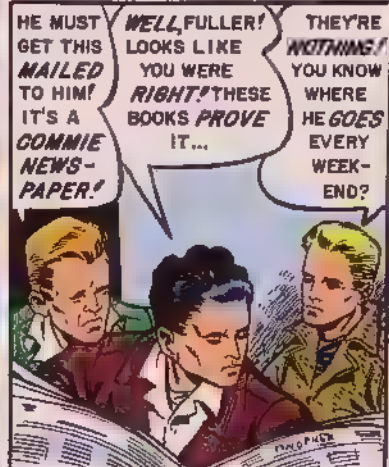
YOU LEAD THEM TO PROFESSOR MILLSTONE'S ROOMS...THROW OPEN THE DOOR...



JUST LOOK AROUND...LOOK AT THE BOOKS HE READS!

PHIL! DIG THIS! 'THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO'!

YOU SHOW THEM EVERYTHING YOU'VE PLANTED...THE PAMPHLETS... THE BOOKS...THE COPIES OF 'THE DAILY WORKING MAN' YOU'D BOUGHT UNTIL THE SUBSCRIPTION CAN START...

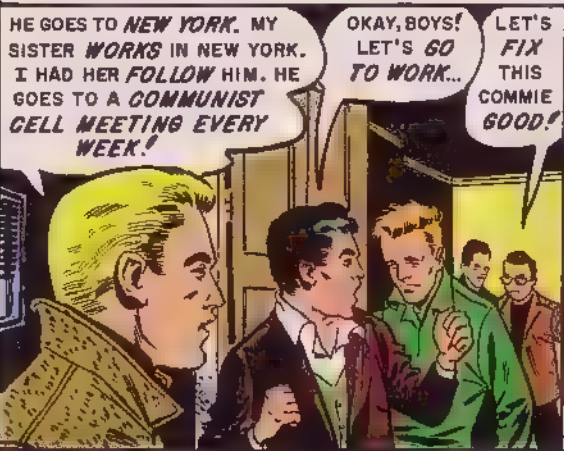


HE MUST GET THIS MAILED TO HIM! IT'S A COMMIE NEWS-PAPER!

WELL, FULLER! LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT! THESE BOOKS PROVE IT...

THEY'RE NOTHING! YOU KNOW WHERE HE GOES EVERY WEEK-END?

YOU LIE! YOU'RE DESPERATE AND TIME IS SHORT, SO YOU LIE...

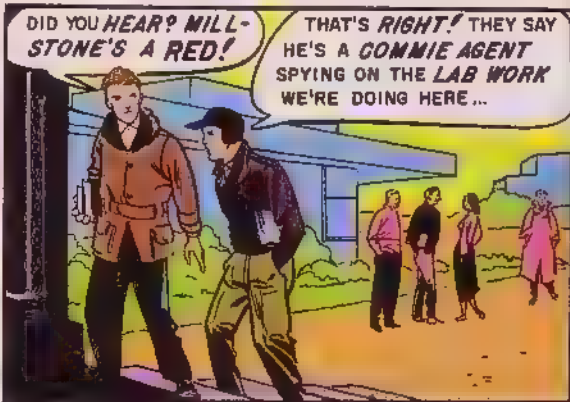


HE GOES TO NEW YORK. MY SISTER WORKS IN NEW YORK. I HAD HER FOLLOW HIM. HE GOES TO A COMMUNIST CELL MEETING EVERY WEEK!

OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO TO WORK...

LET'S FIX THIS COMMIE GOOD!

AND SO IT BEGINS. THE RUMORS. THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN. IT SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE OVER THE CAMPUS. FROM FRAT HOUSE TO FRAT HOUSE... SORORITY TO SORORITY...



DID YOU HEAR? MILLSTONE'S A RED!

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY SAY HE'S A COMMIE AGENT SPYING ON THE LAB WORK WE'RE DOING HERE...

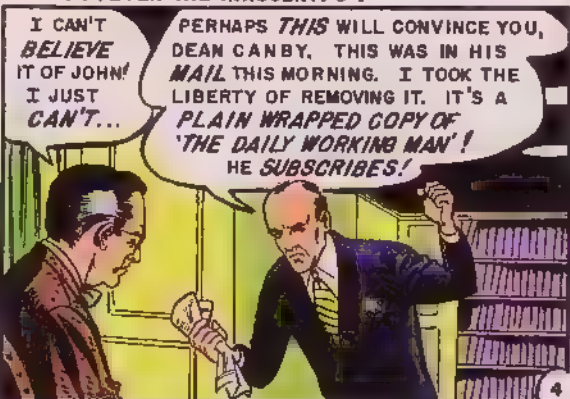
...BUILDING AS IT GOES.. ENHANCED BY PERSONAL TOUCHES...THE IMAGINATIONS OF THE GULLIBLE... THE SADISMS OF THE GOSSIPS...



THEY FOUND COMMUNIST LITERATURE IN HIS ROOMS... AND A PARTY CARD!

HE TRIED TO ORGANIZE A CELL... HERE...AT STATE!

IT BECOMES AN EXPLOSIVE FIRE...RAGING OUT OF CONTROL... READY TO CONSUME ANYTHING IN ITS PATH... EVEN THE INNOCENT...



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT OF JOHN! I JUST CAN'T...

PERHAPS THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU, DEAN CANBY, THIS WAS IN HIS MAIL THIS MORNING. I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF REMOVING IT. IT'S A PLAIN WRAPPED COPY OF 'THE DAILY WORKING MAN'! HE SUBSCRIBES!



AND THE LETTER THAT CAME IN YOUR MAIL THIS MORNING, WARREN, IT DOESN'T *BOTHER* YOU, DOES IT? YOU *KNEW* IT WAS INEVITABLE. BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF *TIME* NOW TILL THAT *INSTALLATION CEREMONY*...

'DEAR WARREN,  
SURPRISE, DARLING. I MARRIED THE GUY. BETTER START HUNTING UP A JOB. I'VE GIVEN MY WEEK'S NOTICE. AND I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU, BUT IT CAN KEEP TILL THINGS ARE ALL WORKED OUT. BE SEEING YOU.

LOVE,  
SELMA

LUCKY SIS. FINALLY LANDED A FELLOW. YOU TOSS THE LETTER ASIDE. YOU'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT. LIKE THAT MEETING THE DEAN'S CALLED WITH YOUR FRAT FOR THIS AFTERNOON..

BEFORE WE MAKE ANY CHARGES, GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO BE *SURE*. TELL US EXACTLY WHAT YOU *DID* FIND LAST WEEK-END IN PROFESSOR MILLSTONE'S ROOMS?

THESE! BOOKS... PAMPHLETS... ALL PREACHING *COMMUNISM!*

I THINK WE'D BETTER *SEND* FOR PROFESSOR MILLSTONE. WE DESERVE AN *EXPLANATION*.

HE PROBABLY *WON'T* BE IN HIS *ROOMS*. IT'S *SATURDAY*. HE'S BEEN GOING TO *NEW YORK* ON THE WEEK-ENDS!

AND WE KNOW ABOUT *THAT* TOO, DEAN CANBY! TELL HIM, FULLER!

GO AHEAD, WARREN. TELL THE DEAN. TELL HIM THE WILD STORY YOU MADE UP. . . ABOUT YOUR SISTER.

*FOLLOWED* HIM, YOU SAY? *COMMUNIST CELL MEETING*? WELL, WE'D LIKE YOUR SISTER TO *TESTIFY* TO THAT. . .

*NO! PLEASE! DON'T* DRAG HER INTO THIS! SHE JUST GOT *MARRIED*. SHE *COULDN'T* COME. SHE. . .

IT'S MONDAY MORNING... A LITTLE OVER TWO WEEKS AFTER YOU FIRST PLANTED THOSE INCRIMINATING BOOKS IN PROFESSOR MILLSTONE'S ROOMS, THE FIRE YOU LIT IS RAGING... ABOUT TO EXPLODE. . .

MILLSTONE, I'D LIKE TO *SEE YOU*... IN MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY.

OF COURSE, DEAN CANBY.

YOU STAND WITH YOUR FUTURE FRATERNITY BROTHERS AND YOU WATCH THE INNOCENT LAMB BEING LED TO THE SLAUGHTER...

AS A MATTER OF *FACT*, DEAN CANBY, I INTENDED TO SEE YOU TODAY. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO *DISCUSS*...

OH? IS THAT SO?

AND AS THE DOOR TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE CLOSES, YOU TURN TO THE OTHERS AND SMILE..

LOOKS LIKE *PHIL* PLAYS *FOOTBALL*, EH, FELLOWS?

LOOKS LIKE *YOU'RE* GONNA BE A *FRATERNITY MAN*, FULLER!



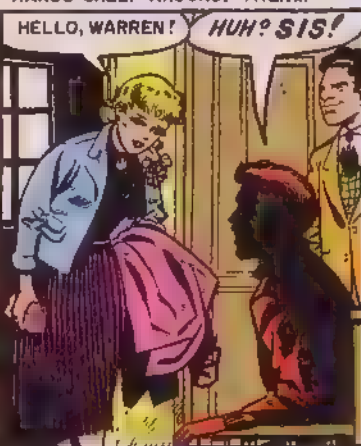
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGRY VOICES COMING FROM THE DEAN'S LOCKED DOOR...THE LULL WHEN THE PHONE DIAL WITHIN BEGINS TO CHATTER...



SOMEBODY'S MAKING A CALL...

PROBABLY GETTING A LAWYER...

YOU HEAR THE PHONE RECEIVER BEING HUNG UP AGAIN...THE ANGRY VOICES RESUME. THE WALL CLOCK'S HANDS CREEP AROUND. THEN...



HELLO, WARREN?

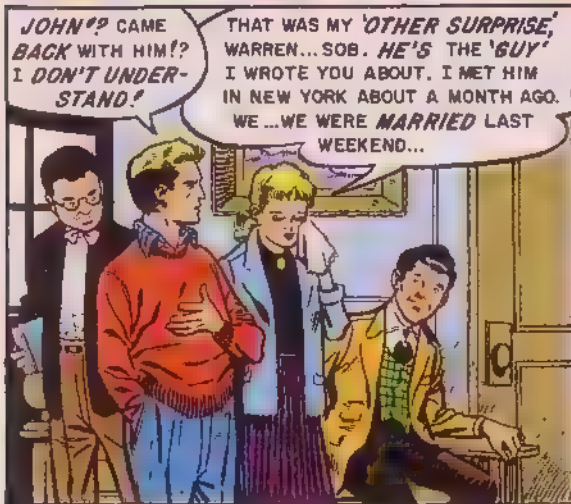
HUH? SIS!

IT'S SELMA...STANDING THERE...HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SIS?

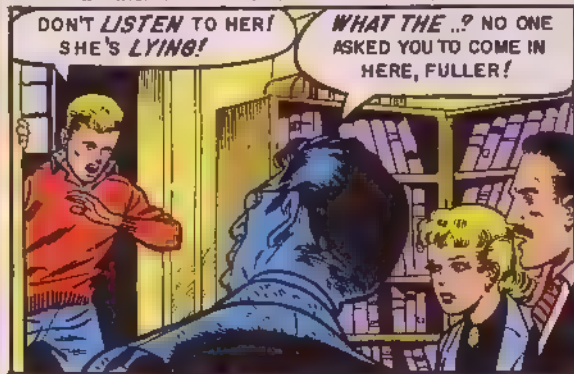
JOHN CALLED ME! I...I CAME BACK WITH HIM LAST NIGHT. HE'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!



JOHN?? CAME BACK WITH HIM!? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THAT WAS MY 'OTHER SURPRISE,' WARREN...SOB. HE'S THE 'GUY' I WROTE YOU ABOUT. I MET HIM IN NEW YORK ABOUT A MONTH AGO. WE...WE WERE MARRIED LAST WEEKEND...

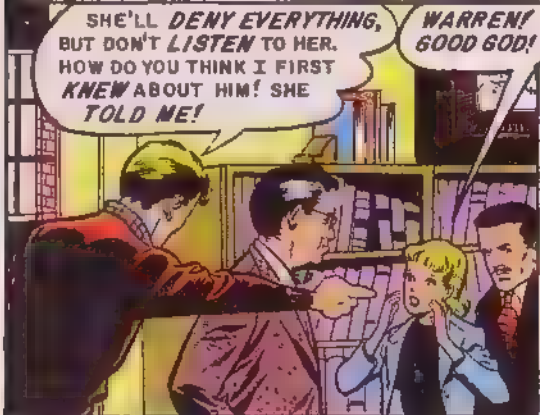
YOU STAND...STUNNED...AS SELMA GOES INTO THE DEAN'S OFFICE. THE WHOLE THING'S ABOUT TO BLOW UP IN YOUR FACE, WARREN. SHE'LL TELL DEAN CANBY SHE NEVER FOLLOWED MILLSTONE. SHE'LL DENY EVERYTHING. DO SOMETHING...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...



DON'T LISTEN TO HER! SHE'S LYING!

WHAT THE...? NO ONE ASKED YOU TO COME IN HERE, FULLER!

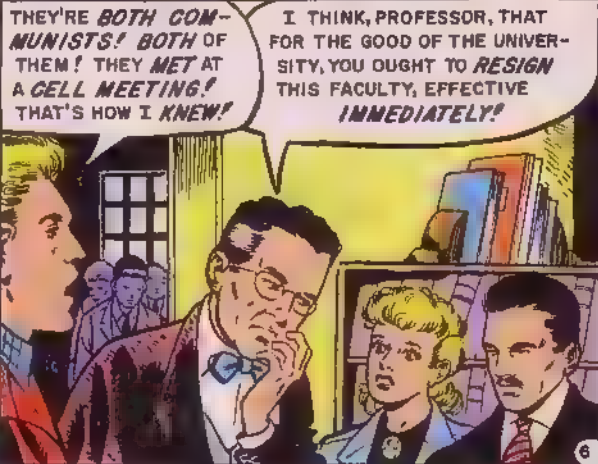
THAT'S IT, WARREN. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE? A SISTER? YOU LOST HER ANYWAY WHEN SHE GOT MARRIED. DON'T LET HER QUEER EVERYTHING FOR YOU NOW...



SHE'LL DENY EVERYTHING, BUT DON'T LISTEN TO HER. HOW DO YOU THINK I FIRST KNEW ABOUT HIM! SHE TOLD ME!

WARREN! GOOD GOD!

THE DOOR IS OPEN. THE FRAT'S OUT THERE. THEY'RE LISTENING, WARREN. DO A GOOD JOB!...



THEY'RE BOTH COMMUNISTS! BOTH OF THEM! THEY MET AT A CELL MEETING! THAT'S HOW I KNEW!

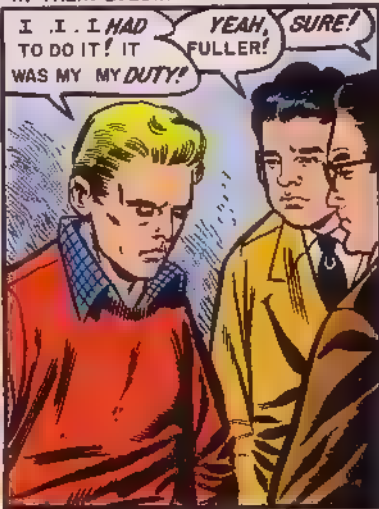
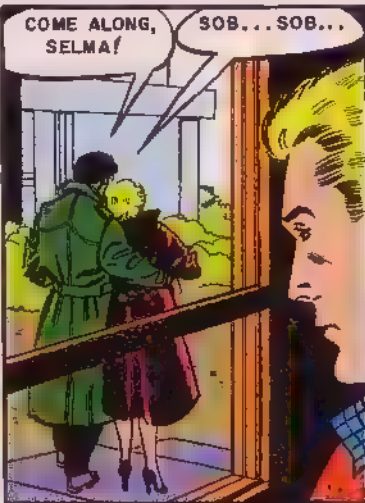
I THINK, PROFESSOR, THAT FOR THE GOOD OF THE UNIVERSITY, YOU OUGHT TO RESIGN THIS FACULTY, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY!



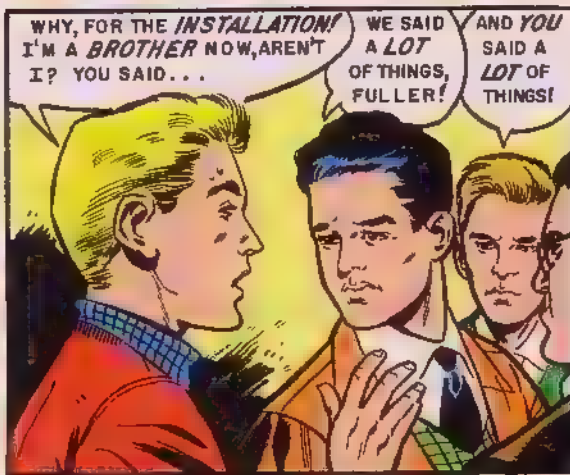
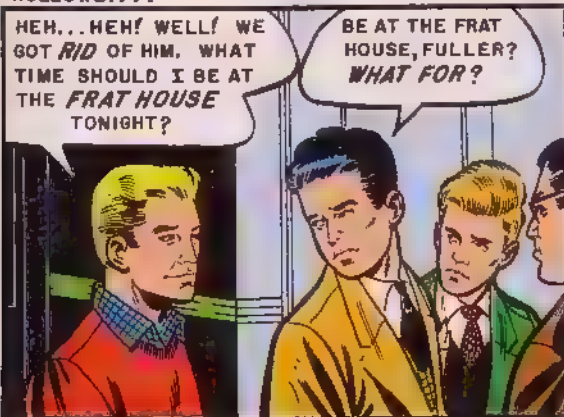
CAN YOU EVER FORGET THEIR FACES, WARREN? IN YOUR DREAMS...YOUR NIGHTMARES TO COME...WILL YOU EVER STOP SEEING THE SHOCK... THE HURT... THE UTTER DESPAIR ETCHED IN THEIR FACES? ..

WILL YOU EVER FORGET THE CHILL THAT RAN DOWN YOUR SPINE AS THEY WALKED FROM THE OFFICE OUT ACROSS THE CAMPUS...HELP-LESS...BEATEN...

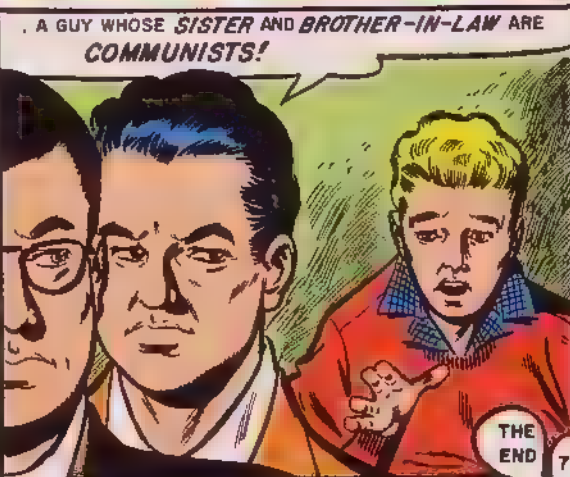
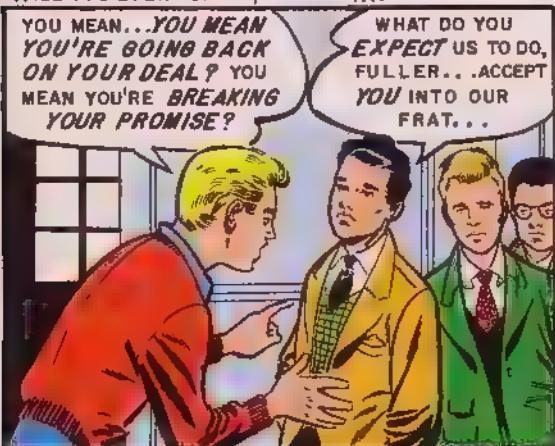
AND CAN YOU EVER FORGET THE EXPRESSIONS ON THE FACES OF YOUR FUTURE FRATERNITY BROTHERS WHEN YOU TURNED TO THEM...THE LOOKS IN THEIR EYES...



WILL YOU EVER FORGET THE WAY YOU LAUGHED, HOLLOWLY...



WILL YOU EVER FORGET, WARREN?...





# A KIND of JUSTICE

SHE TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT THE PAIN AND THE SHOCK OF WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED FILLED HER MIND. ONCE MORE SHE SAW HERSELF WAITING AT THE BUS STOP, UNEASY BECAUSE DUSK HAD GIVEN WAY TO A BLACK MOONLESS NIGHT. SHE'D BEEN WAITING, ALONE... AND THE NEXT MOMENT SHE'D NOT BEEN ALONE. HE'D APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND SHE'D SEEN THE LOOK ON HIS FACE. HE'D FORCED HER TO THE OLD SHACK BY THE QUARRY. SHE'D PLEADED AND SCREAMED. AND NOW IT WAS OVER. BUT IT WOULD *NEVER* BE OVER FOR HER... BECAUSE SHE'D *NEVER FORGET*...



THE MAN TURNED FROM THE DOORWAY TO THE SHACK AND SHUFFLED INTO THE NIGHT. SHE HEARD HIM STUMBLE AND CURSE AND GO ON. SHE GOT TO HER FEET AND RETCHED AND WAS SICK ON THE FLOOR BEFORE SHE STAGGERED OUT, CRYING AND SOBBING...





SHE FOUND HER WAY BACK TO THE ROAD, BUT SHE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE BUS THIS TIME. SHE WAS TOO ASHAMED FOR PEOPLE TO SEE HER. WHEN SHE HEARD IT COMING, SHE STEPPED BEHIND A TREE TILL IT WENT BY...



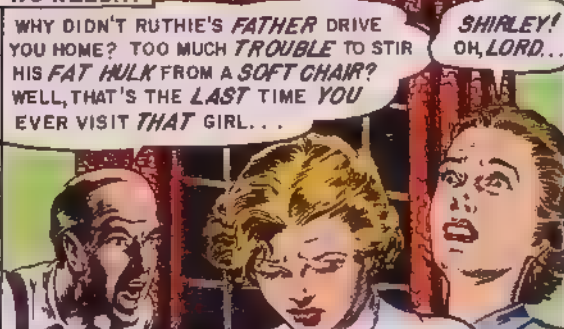
OVER AND OVER IT KEPT COMING BACK IN HER MIND...THE WAITING IN THE DARKNESS...THE MAN...THE SHACK. AND AGAIN AND AGAIN SHE HEARD HIS WARNING. SHE RAN, SOB-BING, THROUGH THE NIGHT. SHE WANTED TO BE HOME, WHERE THERE WAS WARMTH AND LOVE. SHE ARRIVED BREATHLESS...HESITATED AT THE DOOR...



WHEN SHE WENT INTO THE LIVING ROOM, JOHN HANSEN HURLED HIS NEWSPAPER ASIDE ANGRILY...



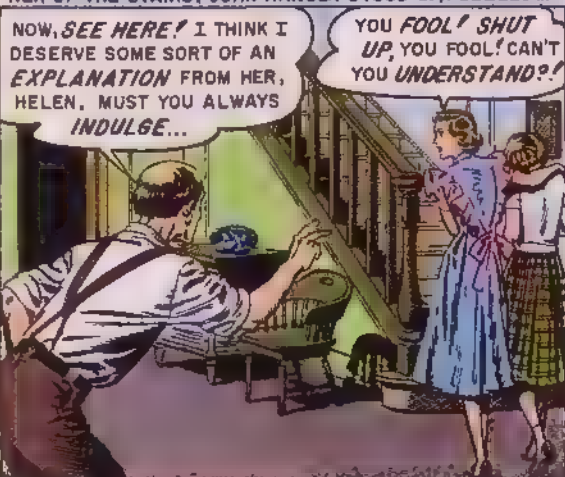
SHIRLEY COULD NOT ANSWER HER MOTHER'S QUESTIONS WITH WORDS. BUT HELEN HANSEN SAW HER DAUGHTER'S EYES, RIMMED WITH RED AND ACCENTED BENEATH WITH DEEP BLACK CIRCLES. SHE SAW SHIRLEY'S HAIR, WILD AND TANGLED. SHE SAW SHIRLEY'S BODY TWITCH WITH EACH ANGUISHED SOB. SHIRLEY COULD NOT SPEAK, BUT TO HER MOTHER, THERE WAS NO NEED...



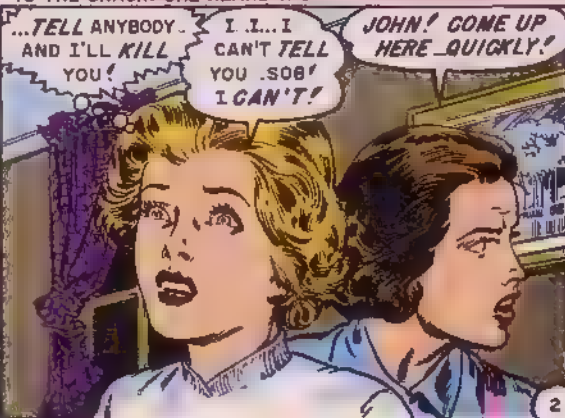
JOHN HEARD THE DOOR TO SHIRLEY'S ROOM SLAM SHUT. HE SCRATCHED HIS HEAD. NO, JOHN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...



HELEN TOOK HER DAUGHTER'S SHAKING HAND AND LED HER UP THE STAIRS. JOHN HANSEN STOOD UP, PUZZLED...

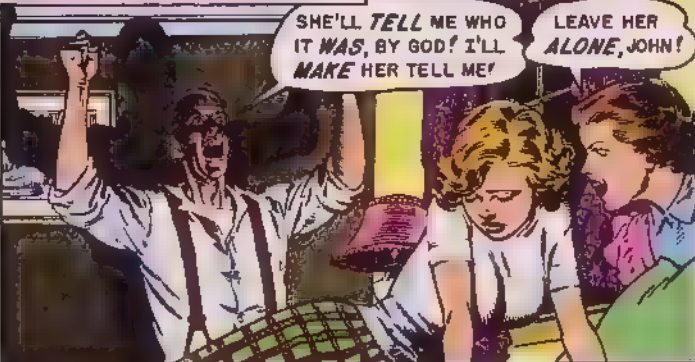


SHIRLEY SAW HIM AGAIN, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY TO THE SHACK. SHE HEARD HIS GRUFF WARNING...





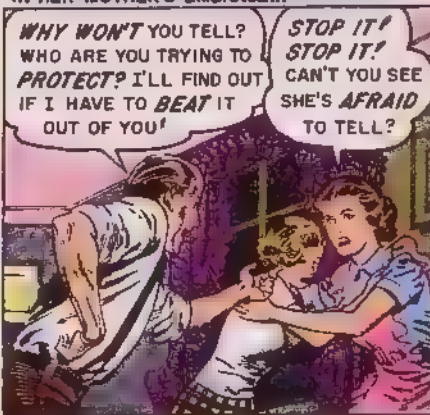
JOHN HEARD THE NOTE OF **ANGER** IN HIS WIFE'S VOICE, AND AS HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS HE SAW THE GLINT OF **HATE** IN HER EYES. HE THOUGHT THE HATE WAS FOR **HIM** AND FOLLOWED HER **MEEKLY** INTO SHIRLEY'S BEDROOM. BUT WHEN SHE'D **TOLD** HIM OF THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS DAUGHTER, HE BECAME THE **ANGRY LION...THE OUTRAGED FATHER...**



SHE'LL **TELL** ME WHO IT WAS, BY GOD! I'LL **MAKE** HER TELL ME!

LEAVE HER **ALONE**, JOHN!

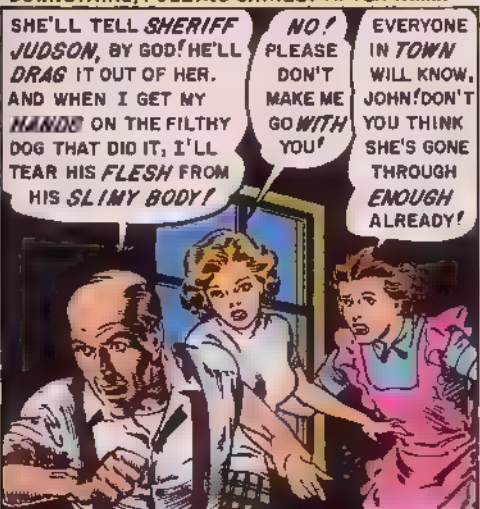
JOHN SHOUTED AND BULLIED SHIRLEY, BUT SHE WOULD NOT GIVE HIM THE INFORMATION HE SOUGHT. CRYING SOFTLY, SHE COWERED IN HER MOTHER'S EMBRACE...



**WHY WON'T YOU TELL?** WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO **PROTECT**? I'LL FIND OUT IF I HAVE TO **BEAT** IT OUT OF YOU!

**STOP IT! STOP IT!** CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S **AFRAID** TO TELL?

JOHN HANSEN COULD DON THE CLOAK OF AUTHORITY WHEN SUFFICIENTLY AROUSED. HE STORMED DOWNSTAIRS, PULLING SHIRLEY AFTER HIM...



SHE'LL TELL **SHERIFF JUDSON**, BY GOD! HE'LL **DRAG** IT OUT OF HER. AND WHEN I GET MY **HANDS** ON THE FILTHY DOG THAT DID IT, I'LL TEAR HIS **FLESH** FROM HIS **SLIMY BODY**!

**NO!** PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO **WITH** YOU!

EVERYONE IN **TOWN** WILL KNOW, JOHN! DON'T YOU THINK SHE'S GONE THROUGH **ENOUGH** ALREADY!

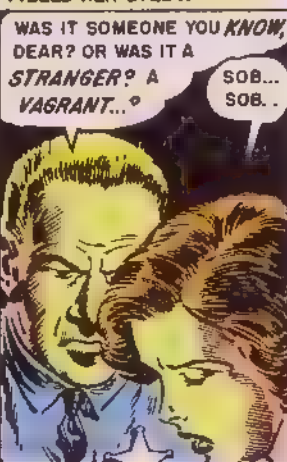
JOHN WAS DEAF TO THEIR PLEAS, AND TEN MINUTES LATER, WITH HIS FURY AT ITS PEAK, HE FORCED HIS DAUGHTER TO RELIVE HER EXPERIENCE FOR SHERIFF PAUL JUDSON AND HIS DEPUTY, RUSS FORD...



WHO **WAS** IT, SHIRLEY! TELL US WHO IT **WAS**!

I... I **CAN'T**! SOB... I **CAN'T**!

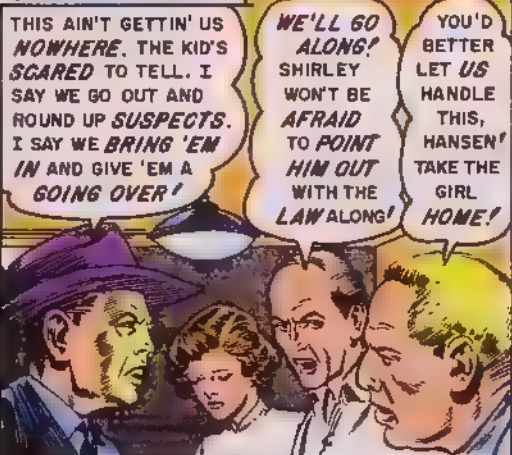
SHERIFF JUDSON TOOK SHIRLEY'S HAND AND SPOKE WARMLY TO HER. SHE LOOKED AT THE FLOOR AND THE TEARS FILLED HER EYES...



WAS IT SOMEONE YOU **KNOW**, DEAR? OR WAS IT A **STRANGER**? A **VAGRANT**...

SOB... SOB...

THE DEPUTY CURSED...

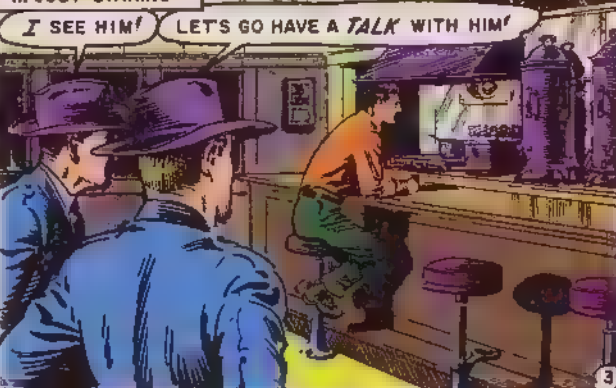


THIS AIN'T GETTIN' US **NOWHERE**. THE KID'S **SCARED** TO TELL. I SAY WE GO OUT AND ROUND UP **SUSPECTS**. I SAY WE **BRING 'EM IN** AND GIVE 'EM A **GOING OVER**!

**WE'LL GO ALONG!** SHIRLEY WON'T BE **AFRAID** TO **POINT HIM OUT** WITH THE **LAW ALONG!**

YOU'D BETTER LET **US** HANDLE THIS, **HANSEN**! TAKE THE **GIRL HOME**!

THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY WANDERED THROUGH THE TOWN'S DESERTED STREETS. AT AN ALL-NIGHT DINER, THEY SPOTTED THE STRANGER. HE SAT AT THE END OF THE COUNTER...STARING ... JUST STARING



I SEE HIM!

LET'S GO HAVE A **TALK** WITH HIM!



THE YOUNG STRANGER SAT TENSE AS THE TWO LAWMEN MOVED TOWARD HIM SLOWLY. JUDSON STOPPED ON ONE SIDE OF HIM... FORD, THE OTHER.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN TOWN, MISTER?

HUH?! COUPLE OF HOURS! WHY?

YOU AIN'T BEEN IN HERE THAT LONG! WHAT'D YOU DO TILL YOU GOT TO THIS PLACE?



WHY... I SPENT MOST OF THE TIME LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY. I FIGURE ON GETTIN' A JOB HERE. WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?

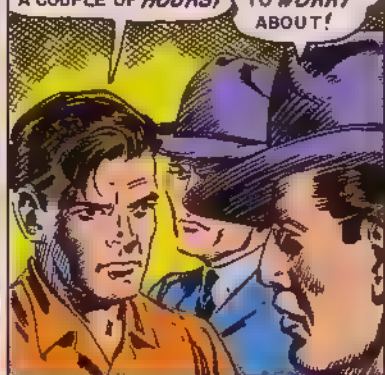
MEET ANY GIRLS, STRANGER? YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON? WHERE YOU FROM?



MY NAME'S EDDIE NICHOLS. I'M FROM DETROIT. NOW, LOOK... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THE QUESTIONS? I DON'T KNOW ANY GIRLS HERE! I'VE JUST BEEN IN TOWN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

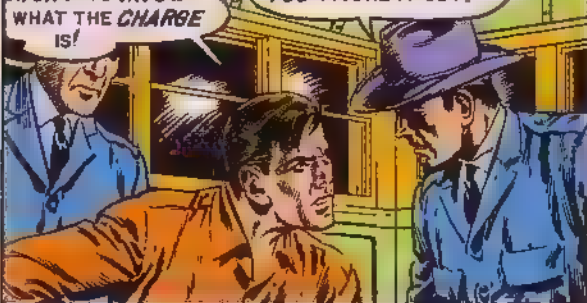
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, SON. IF YOU TELL US THE TRUTH, YOU WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



EDDIE NICHOLS WENT ALONG EASILY ENOUGH. BUT HE WAS FRIGHTENED... REALLY FRIGHTENED. HE WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND HE FELT COLD UNFRIENDLY EYES UPON HIM.

IF THIS IS A PINCH... OKAY! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE. BUT I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT THE CHARGE IS!

YOU DON'T NEED US TO DRAW YOU NO PICTURES, NICHOLS! WE ASKED IF YOU MET A GIRL TONIGHT... A YOUNG GIRL! YOU FIGURE IT OUT!



THE SHERIFF LEFT. HERB TURNED...

SHIRLEY HANSEN! THE DIRTY RAT GOT THE HANSEN GIRL!

SHE'S A KID... FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN. SOMEBODY OUGHT TO CALL JOHN!

I'D LIKE FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH THAT GUY! I'D TEACH HIM...



EDDIE NICHOLS GLANCED AROUND AND SAW HOSTILITY IN THE EYES OF THE OTHER CUSTOMERS. HE HURRIED OUT OF THE DINER WITH DEPUTY FORD. HERB ALLARD, THE COUNTERMAN, LEANED OVER AND CAUGHT SHERIFF JUDSON'S ARM...

SOME OF US GUYS GOT DAUGHTERS, PAUL! IF THAT GUY DID ANYTHING TO ONE OF THEM, WE OUGHT TO KNOW WHO IT WAS!

WE'RE JUST TAKING NICHOLS IN FOR QUESTIONING, HERB. THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S GUILTY. I HAVE NO RIGHT TO TELL YOU WHO THE GIRL IS, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE, ASK JOHN HANSEN.



OUTSIDE THE DINER, EDDIE NICHOLS HEARD THE ANGRY MURMURING AND WAS SUDDENLY GRIPPED WITH PANIC. HE TRIED TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, BUT THE LAWMEN WERE FASTER...

YOU'RE NOT BEING SMART, SON!

AN INNOCENT MAN DON'T TRY TO LAM OUT, NICHOLS!





SHERIFF JUDSON WAS CALM AND EFFICIENT WITH HIS QUESTIONING... NOT AT ALL LIKE HIS SCOWLING BLUSTERING DEPUTY. FOR TWO SOLID HOURS THEY GRILLED EDDIE NICHOLS, BUT HE DIDN'T BREAK DOWN...



IF YOU'VE BEEN IN TROUBLE BEFORE, WE'LL FIND OUT, NICHOLS!

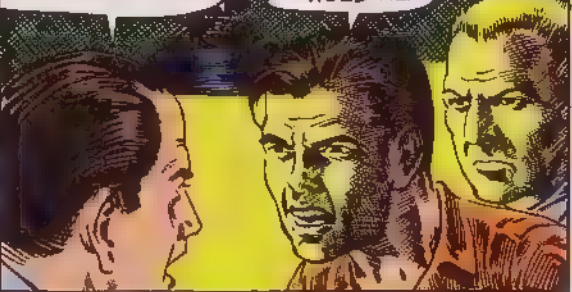
GO AHEAD! FIND OUT! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!

YOU'RE A PRETTY SHOTTY KID, NICHOLS!

RUSS FORD SNATCHED THE CIGARETTE FROM THE SUSPECT'S LIP, TEARING AWAY A THIN FILM OF FLESH WITH IT...

YOU'D BETTER START GIVING SOME STRAIGHT ANSWERS, NICHOLS. WE GOT OTHER WAYS OF GETTING THE TRUTH!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO... LET YOU HANG A STINKING FRAME UP ON ME? I'VE LEVELED WITH YOU! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO HOLD ME!



SUDDENLY, THE SHERIFF WAVED HIS HAND FOR QUIET AND COCKED HIS HEAD, LISTENING. THEN HE GESTURED TO THE DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE OFFICE...



LISTEN! HEAR THAT! THERE'S A MOB COMING! RUSS, TAKE NICHOLS BACK THERE AND LOCK HIM UP! BOOK HIM FOR VAGRANCY!

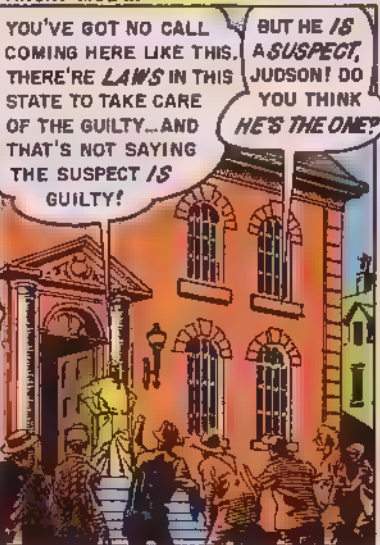
AW, LET HIM GO, SHERIFF! HE SAYS HE'S INNOCENT!

NO, YOU'VE GOT TO LOCK ME UP! YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL THEM I'M THE WRONG MAN!

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL THEM ANYTHING, SON. JUST TAKE IT EASY. NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU!



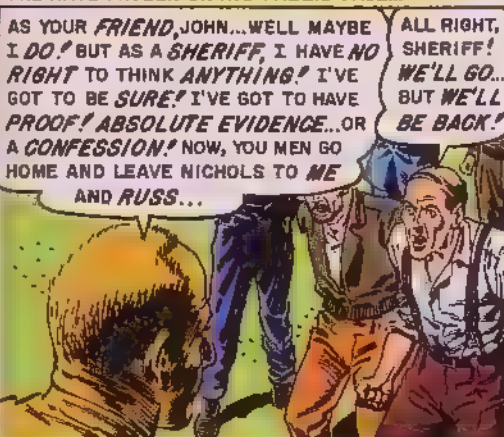
SHERIFF JUDSON STOOD ON THE JAILHOUSE STEPS, LOOKING OVER THE ANGRY MOB...



YOU'VE GOT NO CALL COMING HERE LIKE THIS. THERE'RE LAWS IN THIS STATE TO TAKE CARE OF THE GUILTY...AND THAT'S NOT SAYING THE SUSPECT IS GUILTY!

BUT HE IS A SUSPECT, JUDSON! DO YOU THINK HE'S THE ONE?

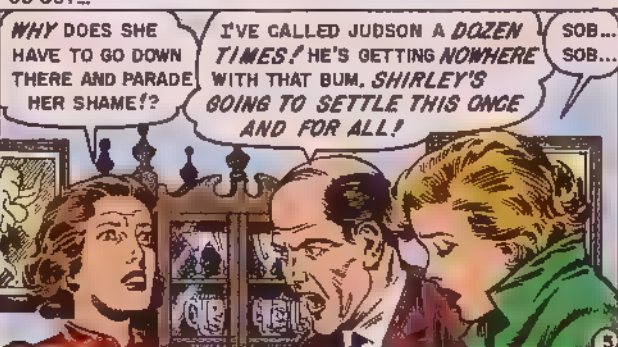
SHERIFF JUDSON LOOKED AT JOHN HANSEN AND AT THE HATE FROZEN ON HIS PALLID FACE...



AS YOUR FRIEND, JOHN...WELL MAYBE I DO! BUT AS A SHERIFF, I HAVE NO RIGHT TO THINK ANYTHING! I'VE GOT TO BE SURE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF! ABSOLUTE EVIDENCE...OR A CONFESSION! NOW, YOU MEN GO HOME AND LEAVE NICHOLS TO ME AND RUSS...

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! WE'LL GO... BUT WE'LL BE BACK!

ALL THE NEXT DAY, MEN CAME TO THE HANSEN HOME AND KEPT JOHN KEYED UP. THE MEN LOOKED DIFFERENTLY AT SHIRLEY AND SHE FELT WHAT THEY WERE THINKING, AND SHE HATED THEM, AND HER FATHER, TOO. THAT NIGHT JOHN MADE HER DRESS TO GO OUT...



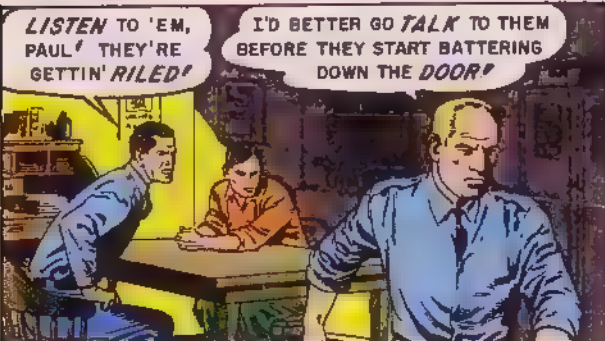
WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO GO DOWN THERE AND PARADE HER SHAME!?

I'VE CALLED JUDSON A DOZEN TIMES! HE'S GETTING NOWHERE WITH THAT BUM. SHIRLEY'S GOING TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SOB... SOB...



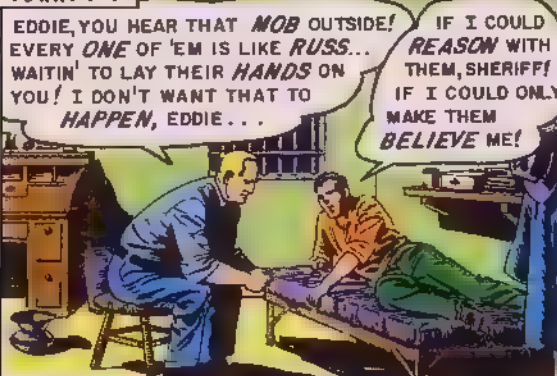
THE MOB HAD STARTED TO GATHER EARLY, AND MORE MEN KEPT COMING ALL THE TIME. EDDIE NICHOLS COULDN'T SEE THEM, BUT HE COULD ALMOST TELL HOW MANY THERE WERE BY THE OMINOUS CRESCENDO OF THEIR MUTTERING VOICES. HE HAD THE IMPRESSION OF A PACK OF BAYING HOUNDS WITH THE SCENT OF BLOOD IN THEIR NOSTRILS... WILD DOGS CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL...



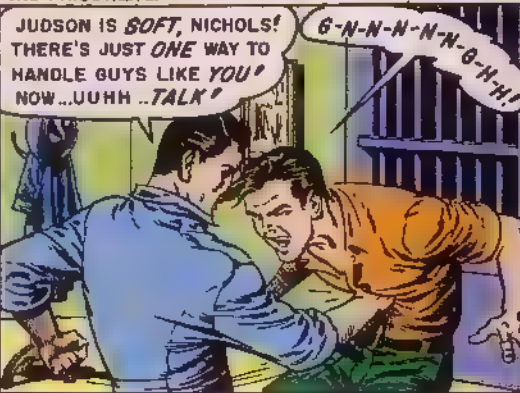
NICHOLS TRIED TO YELL FOR THE SHERIFF, BUT THE DEPUTY GRABBED HIM BY THE FRONT OF HIS SHIRT AND TWISTED IT... JARRING HIS PRISONER'S HEAD AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH VICIOUS VIOLENT SLAPS...



THE SHERIFF HELPED NICHOLS TO A COT, THEN DREW UP A STOOL AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HIM. HE TALKED TO HIS PRISONER IN A QUIET, ALMOST FATHERLY WAY. EDDIE NICHOLS KNEW HE HAD ONE FRIEND IN THIS UNFRIENDLY TOWN...



THE SUSPECT WAS LEFT ALONE WITH DEPUTY FORD. HE INSTINCTIVELY FELT THAT THE SADISTIC LAWMAN WOULD TAKE PLEASURE IN THROWING HIM TO THE MOB OUTSIDE. FORD LOST NO TIME IN BRUTALIZING HIS PRISONER...



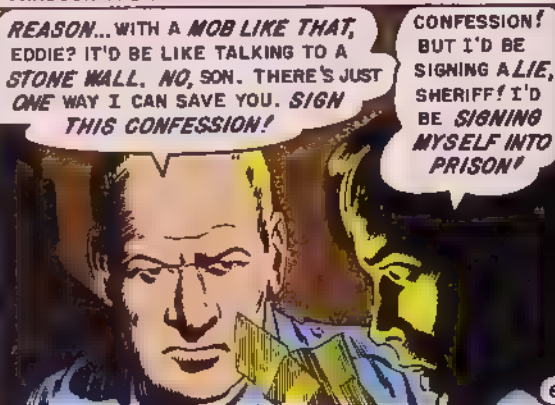
EVEN IF EDDIE HAD WANTED TO TALK, FORD GAVE HIM NO CHANCE...



NICHOLS LAY ON THE FLOOR, CRINGING. HE SAW FORD DRAW BACK HIS HEAVY BOOTED FOOT. BUT THE KICK NEVER LANDED...



SHERIFF JUDSON SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY. HE REACHED INTO HIS HIP POCKET AND DREW OUT A FOLDED SHEET OF PAPER. HE HANDED IT TO THE SUSPECT. EDDIE LABORED THROUGH THE SHOCKING SCRAWL...





THE MOB WAS ROARING FOR BLOOD NOW. SOMEONE OUTSIDE POUNDED ON THE JAILHOUSE DOOR AND YELLED FOR THE SHERIFF TO BRING NICHOLS OUT. SHERIFF JUDSON SPOKE MORE QUICKLY...URGENTLY. HE PRESSED THE SHEET OF PAPER AND A PEN INTO THE SUSPECT'S HANDS...

OH, GOD! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THAT AT LEAST YOU BELIEVED ME!

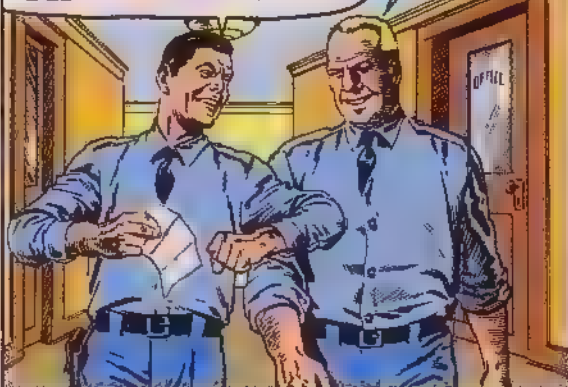
LISTEN TO ME, EDDIE! SIGN THIS CONFESSION AND YOU'VE GOT A SAFE PASSPORT INTO THE COUNTY JAIL. I'LL SNEAK YOU OUT THE BACK WAY! MY CAR'S OUT THERE. YOU CAN TELL THE COURT YOU SIGNED IT UNDER DURESS. I'LL BACK YOU UP, EDDIE! I SWEAR I'LL BACK YOU UP!



A MINUTE LATER, SHERIFF JUDSON WAS HEADED FOR THE FRONT DOOR WITH THE SIGNED CONFESSION. HE SHOWED IT TO HIS DEPUTY, RUSS FORD, ON THE WAY. THEY GRINNED AND WINKED AT EACH OTHER...

IT ALWAYS WORKS, DON'T IT, SHERIFF?! NEXT TIME, YOU BE THE VILLAIN... AND I'LL BE THE SUCKER'S FRIEND!

NOW EVERYTHING IS NICE AND LEGAL, RUSS!



THE MOB OUTSIDE WAS A ROARING BELLING MASS OF ANGRY HUMANITY WHEN SHERIFF JUDSON FACED THEM AGAIN. AS HE HELD UP HIS HAND FOR SILENCE, A RESTLESS HUSH SETTLED OVER THE WILD-EYED MEN WITH THEIR CLUBS AND ROPES AND LENGTHS OF PIPE. JOHN HANSEN SCREAMED AT THE LAWMAN...

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH STALLING, JUDSON! LET MY SHIRLEY SEE NICHOLS. SHE'LL TELL US IF HE'S THE ONE!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, JUDSON! LOOK HERE! EDDIE NICHOLS HAS SIGNED A FULL CONFESSION!



SHERIFF JUDSON'S WORDS WERE LIKE A GREEN LIGHT SIGNAL TO THE MOB.. THE WILD, UNREASONING MOB, UN-ASHAMED OF ITS HATE-FILLED PASSION. THE SHOUTING MEN SURGED FORWARD IN A BLOOD-FRENZY, CARRYING BEFORE IT AN HYSTERICAL TERRIFIED GIRL...

THE MOB PUSHED THROUGH THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE LIKE A STORM-TOSSED WAVE...

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO SEE! DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THERE!

LET GO OF HER, SHERIFF! WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH NICHOLS...MY DAUGHTER AND I...

HANSEN, YOU'RE A LUNATIC! WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT MAKIN' THE KID WATCH! O'MON, SHIRLEY! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME...

OKAY! OKAY! HEY! LE'ME GET FIRST CRACK...





THE REVENGE-HUNGRY RIGHTEOUS MEN PUSHED PAST DEPUTY RUSS FORD WHILE HE STOOD FLATTENED AGAINST A WALL WITH A WILD, THRILL-FILLED LOOK ON HIS FACE...



BUT SHERIFF JUDSON COULDN'T HEAR EDDIE NICHOLS' SCREAMS AS THE LUNATIC MOB CRUSHED INTO HIS CELL. HE COULDN'T HEAR JOHN HANSEN SWING HIS LEAD PIPE...HEAR THE SOUND OF CRUNCHING, CRUSHED BONE...



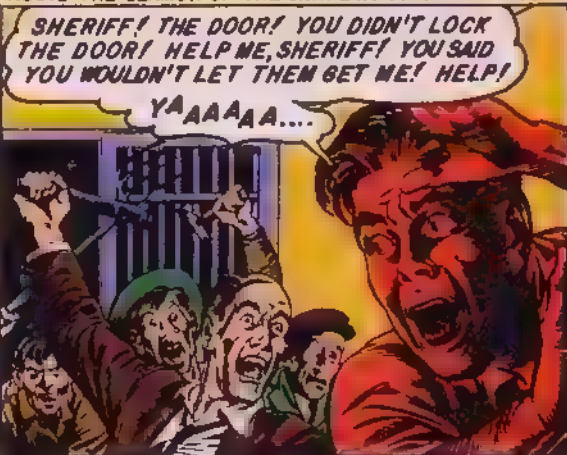
SHERIFF JUDSON COULDN'T HEAR THE SILENCE CLOSE IN AS EDDIE'S LAST SIGH CHOKED OFF IN A LIQUID GURGLE AND SOMEBODY WHISPERED...



HE COULDN'T HEAR THE AWKWARD HEAVY BREATHING AS THE MEN LEFT, GLAD IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT A KIND OF JUSTICE HAD BEEN DONE...



EDDIE NICHOLS' TERRIFIED SCREAMS COULD BE HEARD ABOVE THE CLAMOR OF THE SHARLING CURSING MOB...



HE COULDN'T HEAR THE PUMMELING FISTS, THE HEAVY BOOTS, THE LAUGHTER AND HOARSE CRIES OF DELIGHT COMING FROM THE JAIL HOUSE WHERE AN INDIGNANT FATHER AND HIS TOWNSPEOPLE WERE BEATING AND PUNCHING AND KICKING THE LIFE OUT OF AN INNOCENT MAN...



HE COULD ONLY HEAR THE FRIGHTENED FAMILIAR SOBBING OF THE GIRL BESIDE HIM IN THE CAR PARKED IN THE DARKNESS MILES FROM THE SCENE. HE COULD ONLY HEAR HIS OWN GRUFF VOICE WARNING HER AGAIN...AS HE'D DONE...IN THE SHACK...



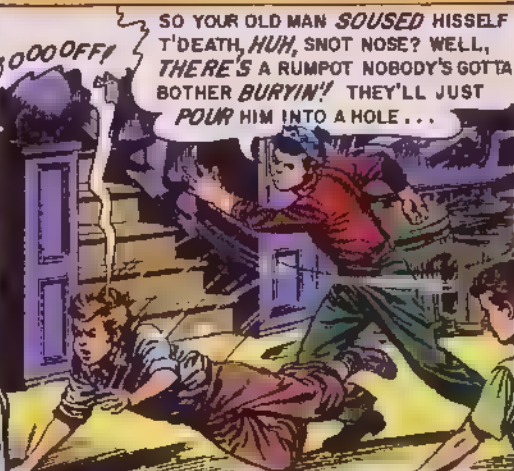
THE END



# The PEN IS NIGHTTIER

A MOCKING SUN SMILED DOWN ON THE TEEMING CITY STREET, ILLUMINATING THE DRABNESS AND UGLINESS, REVEALING, WITH ITS GOLDEN GLOW, THE GREY SOOT-STAINED TENEMENT BUILDINGS. IT BURNED DOWN ON THE YOUNG WHO TRIED TO FORGET THEIR GNAWING HALF-EMPTY BELLIES BY PLAYING IN THE HORSE-FOULED, TRASH-LITTERED GUTTER. IT CAST WARM RAYS THAT DID NOT WARM THE BLEAK HOPELESS EMPTY HEARTS OF THE OLD. THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD WITH SAD BROWN UNCRYING EYES WATCHED THE BLACK HORSE-DRAWN HEARSE LURCH AWAY. SOON THE SAME MOCKING SUN WOULD SHINE ON AN UNMARKED PAUPER'S GRAVE...THE GRAVE OF THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD'S FATHER. NOW ZACK HAMLIN, THE SAD-EYED BOY, WAS ALONE IN THAT DRAB WELTER OF HUMAN MISERY... ALONE IN HIS FESTERING SLUM...

ZACK HAMLIN WAS ALONE IN THIS LONELY WORLD OF POVERTY AND HUNGER. HE'D BEEN BORN TO IT...HE'D GROWN UP IN IT... AND HE'D HATED IT, DEEP INSIDE HIM, HIS RESENTMENT SMOULDERED... SEETHING HATRED OF THE WRETCHED...THE HUMAN DREBS... THE NAKED BRUTALITY ALL AROUND HIM...

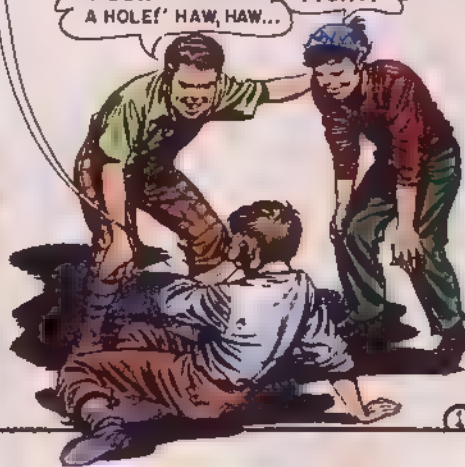


LYING ON THE LITTER-STREWN SIDEWALK, ZACK HAMLIN'S HATE FOUND A THING TO CENTER ITSELF UPON... A BULLY... A TORMENTOR. AND TEARS CAME TO HIS EYES AT LAST... NOT FOR HIS LATE UNLAMENTED FATHER, BUT FOR HIMSELF...

SOB...  
SOB...

HEY, THAT'S A GOOD ONE, EDDIE! 'POUR HIM INTO A HOLE!' HAW, HAW...

GET UP, CREEP! GET UP AND FIGHT!





**BEATEN AND KICKED...GOADED BY AN INSTINCTIVE CUNNING...GORGED WITH SPITE AND MALICE...ZACK HURRIED TO A NEARBY NEIGHBORHOOD ...TO ANOTHER BULLY. AND WITH MERE WORDS, HE PITTED BRUTALITY AGAINST BRUTALITY...**

**WHAT? SOMEBODY SAID THAT ABOUT MY SISTER! WHO? TELL ME WHO! I'LL...I'LL KILL 'IM! TELL ME WHO IT WAS OR I'LL TWIST YOUR ARM OUT OF ITS SOCKET!**

**IT...IT WAS EDDIE! EDDIE MAHLER! OWWWW! D-DON'T TELL HIM I SNITCHED! PLEASE...**



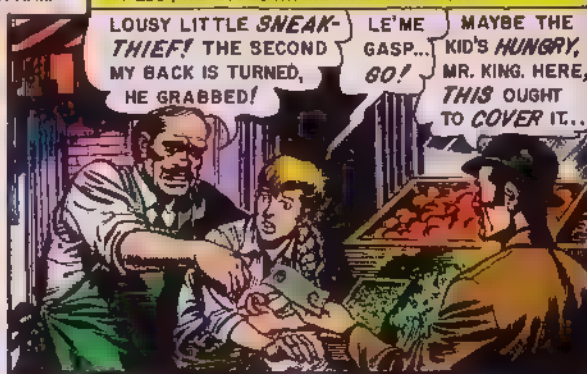
**THEN, HE WATCHED THE VICIOUS BLOODY BATTLE OF THE BRUTES ...A GANG FIGHT WITH KNIVES AND BROKEN BOTTLES AND BARE FISTS...BROUGHT ABOUT BY WORDS...ONLY WORDS...**



**ZACK WATCHED THE POLICE COME FINALLY AND HERD THE TORN BATTERED BRUTES INTO A PATROL WAGON. HE SAW EDDIE, HIS LIFE EBING AWAY, GUSHING RED FROM A DOZEN JAGGED WOUNDS, CARRIED TO A HASTILY SUMMONED AMBULANCE. AND ZACK HAMLIN SMILED. EDDIE, HIS TORMENTOR, WAS DYING. ZACK HAMLIN HAD LEARNED THE POWER OF WORDS...**



**ZACK TURNED HIS BACK ON THE SLUMS THAT DAY. HE LEFT FOREVER, BUT HE CARRIED SOME OF ITS HUNGER AND LONELINESS WITH HIM. HE BEGGED AND SCROUNGED FOR FOOD, AND WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED, HE STOLE...AND WAS CAUGHT...**



**LOUSY LITTLE SNEAK-THIEF! THE SECOND MY BACK IS TURNED, HE GRABBED!**

**LE'ME GASP... GO!**

**MAYBE THE KID'S HUNGRY, MR. KING. HERE, THIS OUGHT TO COVER IT...**

**G'MON, KID! I'LL BUY YOU A MEAL. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVEN'T EATEN IN A WEEK!**

**I...I HAVEN'T...**



**SO ZACK FOUND A FRIEND ...A REPUTED NAME JIMMY HARRIS ... WHO FED HIM AND TOOK HIM HOME AND GOT HIM A JOB AS A COPY-BOY WITH HIS PAPER...**

**GOOD BOY, ZACK! KEEP MOVIN'! THAT'S THE WAY! HERE...TAKE THIS INTO REWRITE!**

**YES, SIR, MR. HARRIS.**



**AND ZACK KEPT MOVING. HE WAS FULL OF DRIVE. OUTWARDLY, HE OVERFLOWED WITH GRATITUDE FOR HIS BENEFACTOR. BUT INWARDLY, HE DESPISED HIM AND WATCHED HIM WITH HUNGRY EYES AND THE INSTINCT OF A JACKAL...**





ZACK WATCHED AND WAITED AND PLANNED. IT WAS THREE YEARS TILL HIS CHANCE CAME. HIS FRIEND, HIS BENEFACTOR, JOHNNY HARRIS, CAME BACK FROM AN EXTENDED LUNCH HOUR THAT DAY, ROARING DRUNK...

GOTTA GEDDA SHOTRY OUT, KID! ALMOST DEADLINE! AN' THERE'SH NUTHIN' T'WRITE ABOUT!

SIT DOWN, JOHNNY! TRY!



JOHNNY HARRIS, SUFFERING FROM HIS OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE, NEVER TOUCHED HIS TYPEWRITER. HE SLUMPED DOWN INTO THE CHAIR AND SLIPPED INTO OBLIVION. AND ZACK TOOK OVER...



ZACK HAMLIN WROTE THE STORY. AND WHEN IT REACHED THE CITY EDITOR'S DESK, ZACK WAS CALLED IN...

HARRIS DIDN'T WRITE THIS! YOU DID. WHERE IS HARRIS? ANSWER ME!

HE'S IN HIS OFFICE. HE... HE ISN'T FEELING GOOD! I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO GET INTO TROUBLE...



NOT FEELIN' GOOD, EH? WELL, YOU CAN KEEP ON WRITING FOR HIM, HAMLIN. I'VE WARNED HIM. I TOLD HIM ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'D DRINK HIMSELF OUT OF A JOB! HE'S THROUGH, HAMLIN. YOU'RE TAKING HIS PLACE...



THE SUBTLE, THE CRUEL, THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF WORDS. THEY WERE ZACK'S WEAPON... HIS POWER. BUT MORE YEARS PASSED BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT POWER HE HELD. THERE WAS SOMETHING THEN CALLED PROHIBITION. AND THERE WERE MEN CALLED BOOT-LEGGERS WHO FOUGHT DEADLY WARS OVER WHO SOLD ALCOHOL TO WHOM. AND WITH UNCANNY INSTINCT, THE REPORTER, ZACK HAMLIN, WOULD BE THERE TO SEE...



THE KILLERS HAD FLED... ALL BUT ONE... A YOUNG PUNK NAMED VAUGHN... MANNY VAUGHN. HE AND ZACK FACED EACH OTHER IN THAT GORE-SPLATTERED WAREHOUSE. THE GUNMAN LEVELED AN AUTOMATIC AT ZACK'S CHEST...

YOU SAW A LOT, HAMLIN! YOU SAW TOO MUCH!

WISE UP, MANNY! THE COPS WERE TIPPED! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME! HAND OVER THAT GUN! QUICK!



TEN SECONDS AFTER ZACK HAD POKETED VAUGHN'S GUN, THE POLICE WERE SWARMING INTO THE WAREHOUSE...

WHAT D'YA MEAN VAUGHN WASN'T IN ON THIS MASSACRE, HAMLIN? HE'S DUTCH'S TRIGGER, AND DUTCH HAD IT IN FOR THIS MOB!

WHAT'D VAUGHN GUN 'EM WITH, DELANEY... HIS FINGER? YOU FANNED HIM! YOU DIDN'T FIND A GUN! MANNY WAS WITH ME! HE WAS DRIVING ME UPTOWN. WE HEARD SHOOTING. THAT'S HOW IT WAS. I'D SWEAR TO IT IN COURT!





THE POLICE LEFT...WITHOUT THEIR KILLER. ZACK HAD TURNED THEM AWAY WITH WORDS... JUST WORDS.

I DON'T FORGET FAVORS, HAMLIN! BUT, WHY? WHY STICK YOUR NECK OUT FOR ME?

I DON'T *KNOW*, MANNY. MAYBE I WANTED TO SEE IF I COULD GET AWAY WITH IT. MAYBE I DID IT BECAUSE WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE SAME THINGS... MONEY AND POWER! WE JUST HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF GOING ABOUT IT...



ZACK HAD PICKED HIMSELF A VALUABLE FRIEND IN MANNY VAUGHN, FOR BY THE MIDDLE TWENTIES, THE MUSCLEMAN HAD POUNDED HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE BOOTLEG HEAP. MANNY MADE MILLIONS AND ZACK... WELL, ZACK STILL HAD HIS WORDS...

WELL! HOW YOU LIKE THE SET UP, ZACK?

NICE, MANNY! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LANDLORD? THIS IS A PRETTY FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD FOR A SPEAKEASY!



I GOT FANCY CUSTOMERS, KID. THEY DON'T LIKE DRINKIN' IN NO RAT HOLE. SO THEY COME HERE. ANYHOW, I OWN THE WHOLE BUILDING! C'MON, ZACK! I GOT A COUPLE OF DOLLS...

THAT'S WHERE ZACK MET KITTY DIXON. KITTY WAS FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN ZACK... A FLASHY BLONDE... REAL PRETTY...

WE'RE A GOOD PAIR, ZACK AND ME. I GOT THE DOUGH... ZACK'S GOT THE POWER. EVERY BIGSHOT IN TOWN SUCKS AROUND HIM. ZACK'S GOT POWER, ONLY HE DON'T KNOW IT!

ZACK'S GOT WORDS. AND HE'S GOT THE DAILY EXAMINER TO PUT 'EM IN. THAT'S POWER. HE'S GOT THE LOWDOWN ON EVERY MUG AND POLITICIAN IN THE STATE. THEY EAT OUT OF HIS HAND. ZACK CAN MAKE OR BREAK A DOZEN GUYS LIKE ME WITH A FEW WORDS!

NOT YOU, MANNY! NOT MY BEST FRIEND!



THAT'S WHAT I HAD ENGRAVED ON THIS CIGARETTE CASE... "TO ZACK, MY BEST FRIEND." IT'S PLATINUM, ZACK, COST ME FIVE 6'S! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT KEY INSIDE IS? THERE'S AN APARTMENT FOR YOU IN THIS BUILDING... FURNISHED! WAIT'LL YOU SEE IT!

MANNY, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM YOU...



IT'S A SWELL-LOOKING JOINT, ZACK. AND KITTY, HERE, GOES WITH IT!

OH? WELL THAT'S DIFFERENT! NO GENTLEMAN COULD REFUSE...

WELL I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN, ZACK, HONEY...





MANNY VAUGHN WAS WRONG, THOUGH. ZACK HAMLIN **KNEW** HE HAD POWER IN HIS GRASP. BUT ZACK WAS BIDDING HIS TIME. HE FOUND HIS CHANCE SIX MONTHS LATER...

I STAY OUT **ONE DAY** AND THE **WHOLE PAPER** GOES NUTS. YOU KNOW THE **LIBEL LAWS**, HAMLIN. YOU KNOW **BETTER** THAN TO WRITE THIS JUNK ABOUT **HOWARD DAWSON** BEING THE **MONEY-MAN** BEHIND THE **BOOTLES RING**. HE'S '**PARK AVENUE**', HAMLIN! HE'LL **SUE** US **RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS**.

DAWSON? HOWARD DAWSON? DID I SAY THAT ABOUT HIM?



IN **ONE LINE** YOU SAY "WHAT **PARK AVENUE** PLAYBOY IS PUTTING UP THE **LOOT** FOR A **SHAKY BOOTLEG EMPIRE**?" AND AFTER A **COUPLE OF DOTS**, YOU SAY "ZILLIONHEIR **HOWARD DAWSON** IS PUTTING HIS **DOUGH** INTO **LIQUID ASSETS** FOR A **QUICK TURNOVER**!"

**SO WHAT?** 'LIQUID ASSETS' DOESN'T MEAN **LIQUOR**! NOT ON **WALL STREET**! WE'RE **CLEAR**. BESIDES, IT'S **TRUE**! **EVERY WORD**. I'M TRYING TO DO SOME **GOOD** IN THIS WORLD!



**GOOD!** YOU CALL A LOT OF **DIRTY GOSSIP** ABOUT **CHEAP BROADS** AND THEIR **MARRIED BOYFRIENDS** **GOOD**? YOU BETTER GO FIND SOME **YELLOW RAG** TO PUT THIS **TRASH** INTO, HAMLIN!

OKAY, MCNALLY! I DON'T NEED YOU. OR THE **DAILY EXAMINER**. WHEN YOU WANT ME BACK, YOU'LL **PAY MY PRICE!**

THE NEXT MORNING, THE **DAILY EXAMINER** WAS A **SELL-OUT**. AND EVERYONE KNEW WHY, INCLUDING ITS PUBLISHER WHO MADE EDITOR **MCNALLY CRAWL...**

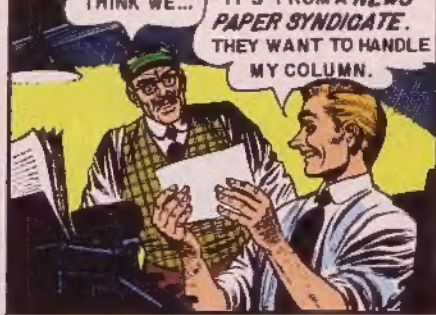
**ALL RIGHT, HAMLIN! NAME YOUR PRICE! WHAT?! TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY A WEEK!** LISTEN, I DON'T GET **THAT MUCH!** WAIT... **DON'T HANG UP! OKAY!** OKAY, **TWO-FIFTY!** HUH? OKAY... ANYTHING YOU... SAY...



SO ZACK HAMLIN CAME BACK TO THE EXAMINER. AND HE **WAS** A **POWER** NOW...

SAY, ZACK! ON THIS **MARINETTI** BUSINESS. IT'S **PRETTY ROUGH!** I THINK WE...

NEVER MIND **WHAT** YOU THINK, MCNALLY. WHAT I **WROTE** ABOUT **MARINETTI** IS **TRUE**. YOU SEE THIS **TELEGRAM**? IT'S FROM A **NEWS-PAPER SYNDICATE**. THEY WANT TO HANDLE MY COLUMN.



**POWER!** YES, ZACK HAMLIN HAD POWER. HE **WAS** POWER. HE **EXUDED** POWER. HE WAS A FORCE FOR GOOD. HIS **OWN KIND** OF GOOD. THIS MAN WAS 'GOD'. . . WITH A SMALL 'G'.

NOT ONLY **HERE**, BUT ALL OVER THE **COUNTRY** THEY KNOW ME. THEY WANT ME TO **POINT OUT** THE **TINHORN**... THE **CROOKS**, I'VE GOT 'EM ON THE **RUN!**

YOU'VE GOT **WHO** ON THE **RUN**, HAMLIN? NOT THE **CHISLERS** WHO LICK YOUR **BOOTS**. NOT A **LAWBREAKER** LIKE **MANNY VAUGHN!** NO! HE **BOT** YOU THAT **SYNDICATE OFFER**. SO HE'S A **GREAT GUY!**



THAT NIGHT, ZACK WENT TO SEE MANNY...

**SURE**, ZACK! I WAS **BEHIND** THAT OFFER. I HAD TO **BUY INTO** THE **SYNDICATE** TO **SWING** IT. BUT **WHAT'S** DOUGH **FOR?** I GOT **FAITH** IN YOU, ZACK!

YOU **MEANT** WELL, MANNY, BUT I WANTED TO MAKE IT ON MY **OWN!**





SO YOU **RUSHED** THINGS. SO **WHAT?** I GOT THE **ONE** THING I **NEED**, THANKS TO **YOU**, MANNY. A **SYNDICATED COLUMN** WILL BRING IN **MONEY** BY THE **BUSHELFUL**. **MONEY** AND **POWER!**

**MONEY IS** POWER, ZACK! **YOU'LL SEE!** I'VE MADE **YOU!** I'LL MAKE **OTHERS!** I'LL MAKE **SENATORS** AND **GOVERNORS**. I'LL **BUY** THIS COUNTRY, ZACK, AND I'LL RUN IT **MY WAY!**

ZACK HAMLIN WAS READ THROUGH-  
OUT THE COUNTRY AND THE MONEY  
ROLLED IN... BIG MONEY. MANNY  
VAUGHN'S AMBITIONS ALWAYS  
INCLUDED HIS BEST FRIEND. ONE  
DAY, THEY WENT TO THE FEDERAL  
BROADCASTING SYSTEM'S OFFICES...

I'LL SEE TO IT  
ZACK GETS THE  
**SPONSORS**,  
BREWSTER...  
SO YOU GOT  
NOTHIN' TO  
WORRY ABOUT!  
RIGHT?

NOTHING EXCEPT  
**LIBEL SUITS**.  
BUT IF YOU  
SAY SO, MANNY,  
I'LL **GIVE** HIM  
THE AIR TIME...

ZACK HIT THE AIR WITH HIS WORDS,  
AND WITH THEM HE ROCKED THE  
NATION. DRIVE, DRIVE, DRIVE OUT  
THE TINHORN AND CROOKS. AN  
INNOCENTLY ACCUSED MAN LEAPED  
TO HIS DEATH, BUT EVEN A 'GOD'  
CAN MAKE ONE MISTAKE...

...THIS CALIFORNIAN, INITIALS L.O.,  
REPEAT, INITIALS L.O., IS GETTING  
STRONG BACKING IN HIS BID FOR  
THE GOVERNORSHIP. GET THIS, MR.  
AND MRS. CALIFORNIA. I'VE  
CHECKED THIS MAN'S SOURCE OF  
INCOME. YOU SHOULD KNOW  
WHERE HIS MONEY COMES FROM  
BEFORE YOU GO TO THE POLLS.  
LOCAL PAPERS, PLEASE NOTE!

ANOTHER EXPOSE... ANOTHER RUINED LIFE. BUT  
ZACK HAMLIN HAD SAVED THE VOTERS OF CALIFORNIA.

IT WENT **ALL RIGHT**  
TONIGHT, EH, MANNY?  
YOUR **CROWD** IS  
PRACTICALLY **IN**  
OUT THERE! I...I...

THIS IS **INEZ**, ZACK!  
I BEEN **SAVIN'** HER AS  
A **SURPRISE**. INEZ AND  
ME ARE GETTIN' **MARRIED!**

**WELL!** NOW YOU'VE  
GOT **EVERYTHING**,  
MANNY! SHE'S VERY  
**LOVELY!**

WHY,  
**THANK**  
**YOU**, MR.  
HAMLIN!

**LOOK**, ZACK! I'M  
BUYIN' A BIG PLACE  
OUT ON THE ISLAND.  
INEZ AND ME WANT  
YOU TO COME OUT  
THERE AN' **LIVE** WITH  
US. I'D BE **LOST**  
WITHOUT YOU, ZACK...

THINGS HAPPENED THAT YEAR. IT WAS 1929 AND ZACK  
HAMLIN WAS WIPED OUT IN THE CRASH. SO HE WENT OUT  
TO LIVE WITH THE VAUGHNS. ZACK WAS BROKE... BUT HE  
STILL HAD HIS POWER, AND NEW MONEY KEPT ROLLING IN.

A TOAST! TO THE MAN  
WHO **MADE** ME WHAT I  
**AM** TODAY!

YOU MAKE ME **BLUSH**,  
ZACK! AFTER ALL, THAT'S  
WHAT FRIENDS ARE **FOR**...

IT HAPPENED IN 1937. IT WAS NIGHT. INEZ VAUGHN, MORE  
BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER, HAD GONE TO BED. THE DOOR TO  
MANNY'S ROOM OPENED. MANNY TURNED... SAW THE GUN...  
A SPECIAL ENGRAVED GUN... A LUGER. A SHOT RANG OUT...

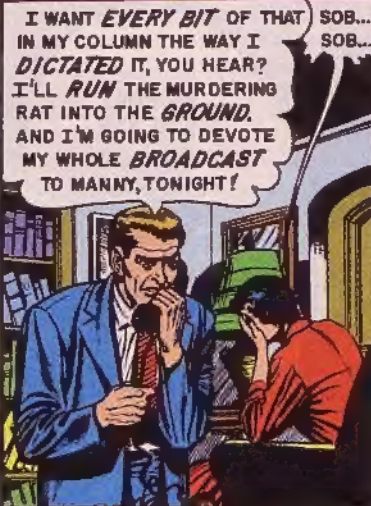




MANNY NEVER MADE A SOUND AS HE WENT DOWN WITH THE BLOOD SPURTING FROM THE HOLE IN HIS CHEST...

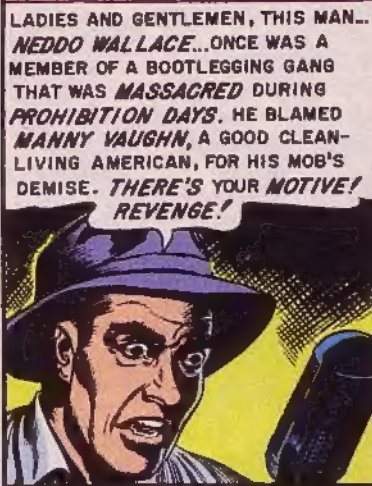


ZACK WAS SHOCKED AT HIS FRIEND'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER. HIS RAGE KNEW NO BOUNDS. ZACK USED HIS POWER TO AVENGE HIS FRIEND'S DEATH...



I WANT *EVERY BIT* OF THAT SOB... IN MY COLUMN THE WAY I SOB... *DICTATED* IT, YOU HEAR? I'LL *RUN* THE MURDERING RAT INTO THE *GROUND*. AND I'M GOING TO DEVOTE MY WHOLE *BROADCAST* TO MANNY, TONIGHT!

DRIVE, DRIVE, DRIVE! ZACK DROVE WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS COLUMN AND HIS BROADCASTS. HE DROVE THE POLICE. AND WHEN THEY FAILED TO FIND A SUSPECT, ZACK HAMLIN FOUND ONE...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS MAN... *NEDDO WALLACE*... ONCE WAS A MEMBER OF A BOOTLEGGING GANG THAT WAS *MASSACRED* DURING *PROHIBITION* DAYS. HE BLAMED *MANNY VAUGHN*, A GOOD CLEAN-LIVING AMERICAN, FOR HIS MOB'S DEMISE. *THERE'S YOUR MOTIVE! REVENGE!*

NEDDO WALLACE WAS ARRESTED AND PUT ON TRIAL. HE HAD ALIBI WITNESSES, BUT ZACK HAMLIN HOUNDED THEM UNTIL, ONE BY ONE, THEY DROPPED AWAY. THEN ZACK HOUNDED THE COURT UNTIL...



WE FIND THE DEFENDANT... *MY GOD!* *GUILTY AS CHARGED!* SOMEBODY BELIEVE ME! I'M CLEAN! I SWEAR IT!

THE NIGHT AFTER THEY BURNED NEDDO WALLACE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, ZACK HAMLIN WENT ALONE TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO INEZ VAUGHN, THE BEREAVED WIDOW. SHE AND ZACK WENT TO THE CELLAR TOGETHER...



*FUNNY!* MANNY GAVE ME THIS FOR MY *BIRTHDAY* LAST YEAR, INEZ!

*PLEASE, ZACK! THROW IT IN THE FIRE! GET RID OF IT!*

ZACK CHUCKLED AS HE WEIGHED THE GUN IN HIS HAND. IT WAS A FINE GUN... A SPECIAL HANDSOMELY ENGRAVED LUGER...



THERE'S *IRONY* FOR YOU! OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO WRITE *THIS* STORY! BUT I *NEVER* WILL! *THROW IT INTO THE FIRE, ZACK!*

ZACK TURNED AND TOSSED THE GUN WITH WHICH HE'D MURDERED MANNY VAUGHN INTO THE FURNACE. THEN HE TOOK INEZ INTO HIS ARMS IN A PASSIONATE EMBRACE...



OH, ZACK! ZACK! I *THOUGHT* I'D HAVE TO WAIT *FOREVER!*

I'D HAVE KILLED A *HUNDRED* MANNY VAUGHNS FOR YOU, INEZ!

AND SO IT *IS* WITH 'GODS'. THEY STAND ABOVE US MORTALS AND THEY PULL THE STRINGS. THEY CAN *DO NO WRONG!*

- THE END - 7